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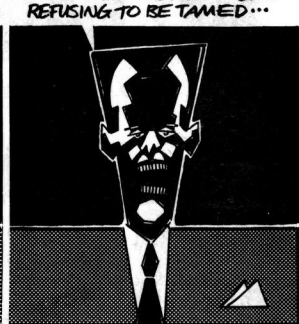
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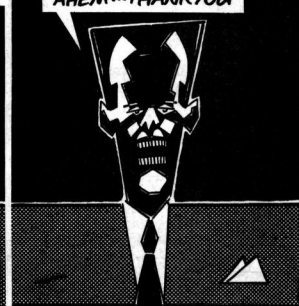
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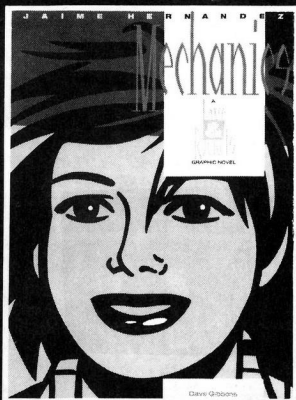
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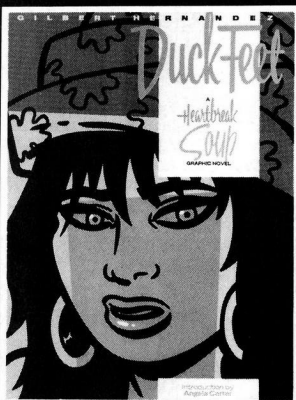
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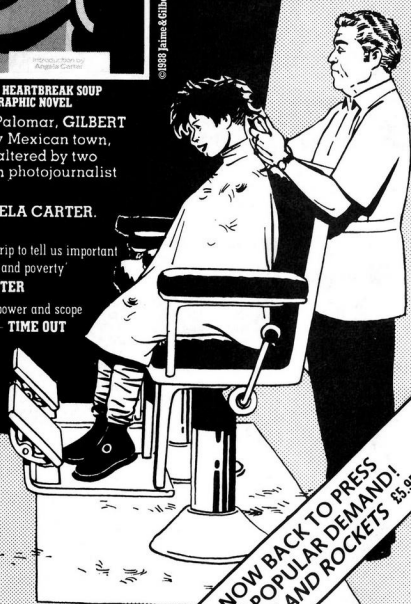
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PANIC BROTHERS page 22
Dole queue harmony
THE SHAMEN..... page 46
Damnation alley
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FLOYD HUGHES..... page 25
Bass story
PETE MASTIN page 27
Eulogy for Scotch Andy
JOHN SHORT page 29
Still life with Rot
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Born again punk



RICKY SLAUGHTER page 28
Trash culture correspondence
TRINA ROBBINS page 75
Stripping away AIDS myths



PLUS
JON SAVAGE *Life among the ruins* page 12
FILOGROC page 23
GRAHAM HUMPHREYS *Video nasty* page 35
FASHION STRIP *Geoff Slack* page 58
THE WORKS *Introducing STICK* page 64
JAMIE REID *State of the art* page 68
COMPETITIONS *Win Loadsagoodies!* page 74
KATE ROCK..... *Second City Life* page 75

AVIARY the 80s

Submission page 7
by James Sillavan
Say When page 17
by Julie Hollings
Pretty Vacant page 31
by Paul Slade
Rockaway Beach page 37
by Parker & Calkin
Sheena is a Punk Rocker page 48
by Phil Elliott
Eighth Day page 59
by Jackie Smith
The Sounds of Silence page 69
by Russ Tudor



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RECEPTION



WELCOME TO THE *Heartbreak Hotel*. Bet you can't wait to get your claws into this one . . .

You're wondering, no doubt, what business Freddy Krueger has greeting visitors to the punk issue of *Heartbreak Hotel*. Well, Freddy is a pretty punk sort of character — I mean, he is dead. But more than that, the man of your nightmares is ready and waiting to be a permanent fixture of your home in this issue's star prize competition.

Yes, we've got a Freddy Krueger model kit to give away, thanks to the kind folk at Forbidden Planet 2, the television and film specialists. This chunky model is all of 18 inches tall and, when painted, is truly terrifying. The model is imported from the States and retails for £49.95! (It's also available by post from FP Mail Order, PO Box 378, London E3 4RD — add £2.20 postage and packing.) But it's yours *free* if you answer the following incredibly difficult question: what is the name of the actor who played Freddy Krueger in the *Nightmare on Elm Street* movies? Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to 29 Belsize Park, London NW3 4DX by August 1. First correct answer pulled out of the 'hat' wins the model. Oh and by the way, spelling counts . . .

Moving right along by way of a homonym, a word about this issue's cover. Because Jamie wanted to use the artwork as part of the Stop the Clause campaign, we have printed a limited edition of 500 A2 posters of his original graphic in true British red, white and blue, emblazoned with the headline: 'Scrap Section 28 — End Sexual Apartheid'. This limited edition will be signed and numbered by Jamie Reid and is available from *Heartbreak Hotel* for only £2.50 (plus £1.00 postage and packing — posters will be mailed in a tube). The profits from the sales of the posters will go to OLGA (the Organisation for Lesbian and Gay Action) to help fight the effects of the Clause. Or rather, the Section, as it has now become law — 'promote' homosexuality at your peril!

Us *Heartbreak Hotel*ers have got quite a busy schedule in the next couple of months. Don has only just come back from Liverpool, where he spoke at the Project 28 rally — Liverpool artists' opposition to Section 28. Special thanks to Sandy Holmes and Mark Jones for looking after him while he was up there.

For those of you that get this issue the minute it hits the stands, why not come along and meet us at Gay Pride on Saturday, June 25 from 3.00pm onwards in Jubilee Gardens on the South Bank. We'll be sharing a stall with *AARGH!* and, although Alan Moore has asked me to remind everyone that the *AARGH!* magazine will not be ready by then, you're sure to meet loads of your favourite artists.

Then, on July 16 and 17, we've got the Birmingham Comic Art Show. We'll be taking part in a panel with Phyllis Moore and Debbie Delano of Mad Love Publishing, and we hope to meet lots of new artists. Details about the Comic Art Show can be found on the ad facing this page.

We'll be unveiling some *Heartbreak Hotel* goodies at the Birmingham show which will also be available by mail order from mid-July. *Heartbreak Hotel* badges, designed by Duncan Fegredo and shown on this page, are 30p each — in stamp or coin only — or 4 for £1.00. And just as an added bonus, all subscriptions received during the month of July will receive the complete set of badges absolutely free! Duncan, by the way, has painted a spectacular



cover for the next issue of *Heartbreak Hotel* — surfing and summer fun — and drawn an 8-page strip which will be a tabloid-sized supplement to the issue.

We're also proud to announce the first *Heartbreak Hotel* T-shirt, designed by Linda Parker and featuring everybody's favourite, Jessamy. Check out the design on page 73 and then get your order in *fast* — this is also going to be a limited run of 500 and orders are already pouring in.

Now a news item which seems to have got lost in the press release shuffle. Mark Buckingham, who so beautifully illustrated *The Wild Side of Life* in our second issue, has just got the inking job on *Hellblazer* for DC Comics. Congratulations are in order. And we're letting ourselves feel proud about it as well, because it shows that what we set out to do with *Heartbreak Hotel* is working — namely, giving new artists the exposure they need and deserve.

Of course, the fact that *Heartbreak Hotel* is fully booked with artists until June 1989 is another sign that it's working! But we're still eager to look at samples of work. After all, we have got one or two secret projects that will be ready for the autumn — more details next issue — which will need new artists. And then, of course, who's to say *Heartbreak Hotel* can't go monthly?

Finally, spare a thought for our Jessamy (again). In a misadventure which proves beyond a doubt that truth is stranger than fiction, Jessamy took part in a parachute jump for charity and landed in hospital with a fractured vertebra. Fan mail, hate mail or get well cards can be sent to Jessamy c/o *Heartbreak Hotel*. They'll be much appreciated, if only to give her something to burn while she is in her hospital bed. Actually, we wish her all the best and hope she's back in form soon — not least because of the fact that in our next issue we had planned to run the competition of a lifetime: win a date with Jessamy! Guess we'll have to wait and see.

But enough of the preamble. It's time to get into some serious punk. One last word of thanks to Shane Oakley and Grant Morrison for wrapping up this issue with their respective hello and goodbye to '76/'77 and all that. Now on with the show.




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issive: sub
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erence,
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liquid: growing under water, and misery (*Jig.*).—*ns.* hopelessly in poverty and misery, submergence, submersion. submerge'ment (*rare*), submergence, submersion.—*adj.* submerge'ible, submersible.—*n.* submergibil'ity.—*v.t.* submerge (*-mürs'*), to submerge.—*adj.* submersed' (*bot.*), growing quite under water.—*n.* submers'ibility.—*adj.* submers'ible, capable of being submerged at will.—*n.* a submersible boat.—*n.* submer'sion (*-shän*), act of submerging: state or fact of being submerged. [*L. submergère, -mersum*—*sub, mergère*, to plunge.]
 submicron, *sub-mi'kron*, *n.* a particle visible by ultramicroscope but not by the ordinary microscope (50-2000 Å). [*Pfx. sub-* (1).]
 submit, *sub-mit'*, *v.t.* to yield, resign: to subordinate: to subject: to refer for decision, consideration, sanction, arbitration, etc.: to put forward in respectful contention: to lodge: to lower, lay down (*obs.*).—*v.i.* to yield: to surrender; to be resigned: to consent:—*pr.p.* submitt'ing; *pa.t.* and *pa.p.* submitt'ed.—*adjs.* submiss' (*arch.*), submissive: subdued, low-toned; submiss'ible.—*n.* submission (*-mish'an*), act of submitting: reference, agreement to refer, to arbitration: a view submitted: resignedness: submissiveness: surrender: confession (*Shak.*).—*adj.* submiss'ive, willing or ready to submit: yielding.—*adv.* submiss'ively.—*n.* submiss'iveness.—*adv.* submiss'ly (*arch.*).—*n.* submiss'ness (*arch.*).—*adj.* submitt'ed.—*n.* submitt'er.—*n.* and *adj.* submitt'ing. [*L. sub, beneath*, and *mittere, missum*, to send.]
 submontane, *sub-mon'tän*, *adj.* under or at the foot of a mountain range. [*Pfx. sub-* (1).]
 submultiple, *sub-mul'ti-pl*, *n.* an aliquot part. [*L.L. submulliplex*.]
 subnascent, *sub-nas'änt*, *-näs'*, *adj.* growing beneath (*obs.*): growing up from beneath. [*L. subnāscēns, -entis*.]
 subneural, *sub-nür'al*, *adj.* beneath a main neural axis or nervous cord. [*Pfx. sub-* (1).]
 subniveal, *sub-niv'i-äl*, *adj.* under snow.—Also subniv'ean. [*Pfx. sub-* (1), *L. nix, nivis*, snow.]
 subnormal, *sub-nör'mäl*, *adj.* less than normal, esp. medically, of a person with a low range of intelligence.—*n.* (*geom.*) the projection of the normal on the axis.—*n.* subnormal'ity. [*Pfx. sub-* (4), (1).]
 suboccipital, *sub-ok-sip'it-äl*, *adj.* below or behind the occiput, or the occipital lobe. [*Pfx. sub-* (1).]
 suboctave, *sub-ok'täv*, *n.* the octave below: (also

subnat'ural, *adj.* sub- (4).
 suboc'ular, *adj.* sub- (1).
 subor'der, *n.* sub- (3).
 subor'dinal, *adj.* sub- (4).
 subö'vate, *adj.* sub- (4).

fäte, fūr; mē, hūr (her); mīne; mōte, fōr; mūte; i

in a lower order. inferiority of rank (c inferiority to author obedience to author doctrine of the in third Persons of the subor'dinative, ten ordination. [*L.L. to ordain*.]
 suborn, *sab-örn'*, *v.t.* perjury or other i prepare, provide, —*ns.* subornā'tion [*L. sub, in sense c subpanation, sub-pi the body and bl materially preser form of bread ar bread*.]
 subplot, *sub'plot*, play. [*Pfx. sub-* sub poena, *sub p poena* (*sub-* or attendance in c serve with such poe'na'd. [*L.* subreference, *sub surreptitious r understanding.* subreption, *sub-* tage (*esp.*, *Sec* cealing the tru false inference surreptitious (subreptitious; out of obscur experience (j secretly, rapē subrogate, *sub (legal)* to put his rights.— sub rosa, *su the rose: pi subroutine, s program, c specific tasl and which throughout [*Pfx. sub* (2 subsacral, *su of*) the sac*

subprē'fect, subprē'fecti sub'prior (f subrē'gion, subrē'giona



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CITY 68

Towards a millenium

ITEM 1: 3.2.88. A derelict garage in Kentish Town, North London. The frontage to the street displays an old car mutated into a futuristic, Mad Max-style nightmare with horns and crests. The Mutoid Waste Company has been working inside for a week; this dark, damp space has been transformed into an apocalyptic adventure playground.

A lime-green Simca stands, sawn completely in half. The engine still works and, at the climactic moment, it shoots across the floor in a shower of sparks. Around the walls a series of tableaux: on one side, a pool with rubber tyres, steps and stones, a chute. On

another, thirty toilet bowls are piled high on each other in Duchampian homage; over them, a fountain plays.

In front of the stage, which is piled high like a metallic ant-hill, are ropes and swings, and an old film crane for those adventurous souls who wish a closer look. For the more contemplative, there is a trip room, festooned with dayglo and dazzling ultra-violet lights. The whole event is masterminded with military precision from a specially extended, parody-gypsy caravan.

This is skip culture. The Mutoid Waste Company is an itinerant band of artists, sculptors, musicians, gardeners, etc which travels the country turning rubbish — or what people throw away — into workable, moveable material. To them, the lifestyle is all-important, not any *product*. They don't release records.

1982

by Jon
Savage

This event is typical of their way of working. They find a suitable venue, (usually) squat it and transform it through materials that are to hand. They then hold a concert or a "party" in order to get funds. The audience they attract is a curious, undefined crossover: a mixture of hippies, punks and the otherwise disaffected. They wear practical clothes — camouflage, pullovers, Doc Martens boots — with fantastic detail of dayglo colour or exaggerated images of decay.

This is the tip of a large, antinomian iceberg of people who have disengaged themselves — either by necessity or choice — from what they see as a psychotic consumer culture. Because they refuse consumption, they are not identifiable as a consumer group and therefore, as far as the media is concerned, they don't exist.

Yet their mere existence is threatening. The Mutoid

organisers take care in their relationship with the police, and tonight's event has some spurious affiliation with Comic Relief, a post-Live Aid nationwide charity event. But space is so tightly parcelled up in this country — as it is throughout Europe — that the presence of a few hundred unkempt looking punk/hippies attracts adverse attention.

As the complaints about noise come in, the police raid the event with typical heavy-handedness: in a mini-riot, fifty people are arrested and many more heads busted. Yet there is no report in the media. Again, they might as well be invisible.

Item 2: A Houston-based group of artists called Culturcide releases its first LP in late 1987. Called *Tacky Souvenirs of Pre-Revolutionary America*, it has fourteen tracks but no label identification. The reason behind this

quickly becomes apparent.

What *Culturcide* do is take existing pop hits — standards like Bruce Springsteen's *Dancing In The Dark*, or David Bowie's *Let's Dance* — and crudely record their own harsh vocals and noise guitar over them. Their new lyrics, which blend very well with the familiar recordings (here is the "art"), are vicious critiques of the music industry and pop process.

Over Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder's vacuous *Ebony and Ivory* duet, they shout: "There is media in everyone/Manufactured by experienced prostitutes/Marketing smug hippie platitudes/Stevie and McCartney in perfect whore-money." Their cover (literally) of *Let's Dance* examines the true relationship between "star" and audience: "And if you say 'Dance', I'll dance with you/And if you say 'Buy', I'll buy/Because my love for you degrades me through and through."

This is a little different from the sampling craze currently sweeping the music industry, where fragments from existing records are looped and cut into a new piece. This form has already become integrated into the mainstream music industry and its handmaidens, advertising — one of the biggest European and UK hits last year was M.A.R.R.S.'s James Brown/Eric B. and Rakim cut-up *Pump Up The Volume*.

Culturcide's *détournement* goes beyond aesthetics. On the sleeve, they quote Lautréamont: "Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it." And they add: "Home taping is killing the music industry...so keep doing it." These re-recordings break copyright to the extent that no permission would ever be given, because they use not a fragment but a whole work and because the new lyrics attack the copyright holders so severely.

One principal target is Michael Jackson, not only a Pepsi-Cola poststar but owner of one of the largest song copyrights of all: the Beatles' Northern Songs, for which he paid \$47m. *Culturcide* are moralists: to them, as they chant over *The Star Spangled Banner*, pop music has become the cutting edge of "the big lie, the big dream, the big nauseating screaming sweating nightmare of Business America/Consumer America/Corporate America/Media America/Fascist America".

ITEM 3: A two-month Festival of Plagiarism in London during January and February 1988. The event, which receives very little media attention, features: guerrilla performances on the Circle Line of London's tube; "National Home-Taping Day — help kill the music industry"; various video/art installations of Fluxus-type performances, "Hoardings" and stolen paintings.

The centre of the festival is "Karen Eliot — Apocrypha", a group show by various people using the name Karen Eliot. As the festival's pamphlet explains: "Karen Eliot is a name that refers to an individual human being who can be anyone. The name is fixed, the people using it aren't. Anyone can become Karen Eliot by simply adopting the name, but they are only Karen Eliot for the period in which they adopt the name. The purpose of many different people using the same name is to create a situation for which no one in particular is responsible and to practically examine Western philosophic notions of identity, individuality, value and truth.

"Plagiarism," the pamphlet continues, "is inherent in all 'artistic' activity. At the beginning of the twentieth century, the way in which pre-existing elements were used in 'artistic' productions underwent a quantitative leap with the 'discovery' of collage. This development was prefigured in the 'writings' of Isidore Ducasse, who is better known by his pen-name 'Lautréamont'.

"In his *Poésies*, Ducasse wrote: 'Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it.' This maxim summarises the use to which plagiarism has been put ever since. Two or more divergent elements are brought together to create new meanings. The resulting sum is greater than the individual parts. The lettristes, and later the situationists, called this process *détournement* but the activity is still popularly known as plagiarism.

Because of the deep constriction of English society, it's often left to pop to express any sense of the present or future, let alone revolutionary politics

"Plagiarism enriches human language, it is a collective undertaking far removed from the post-modern 'theories' of appropriation. Plagiarism implies a sense of history and leads to progressive social transformation. In contrast, the 'appropriations' of post-modern ideologists are individualistic and alienated. Plagiarism is for life, post-modernism is fixated on death."

1976-77-81-78-82-79-83-80-77

78-79-80

86-76-86-77-78-79-80

76-81-82-83-77

78-79-80-79

86-76-86-76-86-76-77

77-77-77-78-77-78-80-1986

Strafe Für Rebellion, *Not For Radio*, 1986.

Since the late Seventies and the failure of punk, a post-modernist analysis and philosophy of culture — derived in part from architectural theory and post-structuralists like Baudrillard — has been introduced into England and America to describe the media totality that is the perceptual, political, emotional and physical condition of the late twentieth century.

It is different to previous critiques of everyday life such as you might find in Dada, punk or situationist texts by Vaneigem or Debord. As it is understood and practically applied, post-modernism ties up a series of symptoms so accurately as to induce paralysis. The post-modern configuration is a closed circle, a locked groove. A typical cultural structure would be the 24-hour-a-day cable channel running programmes that are indistinguishable from adverts, running adverts that advertise not a product but themselves, and both cannibalising all history in a serial dance — whether in centuries, or in the infinitesimal arabesques of post-punk style recorded above by Düsseldorf's Strafe Für Rebellion. Post-modern analysts or practitioners applaud this total accessing of history, but they omit any structural or political analysis — this is symptom, rather than cause or cure. The question remains: in whose service is this being done?

As Debord noted in his *Society of the Spectacle*: "Culture turned completely into commodity must also turn into the star commodity of the spectacular society; in the second half of this century, culture will hold the key role in the development of the economy."

What post-modernism really describes is a new industrial agglomeration of the global media industry. Media both spreads and becomes centralised — into the cartel of a few multinational companies — at the same time. This results not in more media of the same quality, but in more media of worse quality as the existing media economy is stretched to wafer-thin consistency.

Post-modernism's characteristic cannibalisation of history and art is one result of the new production-line techniques of the media. Another is that the media — etymologically from the Latin meaning conduits or channels — becomes an end in itself rather than a means to an end. This black hole of meaning is a kind of nihilism to which the much-vaunted elements of post-modernist play do not address themselves.

Various organisations of material have become endemic to this new media economy. The most common is that old feature of news-room incest, as lazy or harassed journalists look over each others' shoulders: the "peg" or the "anniversary". The last two years have seen various social movements of transformation detoured through the way they have been incorporated into various artificial anniversaries: early in 1986, the tenth anniversary of punk; in summer 1987, the twentieth anniversary of "flower power"; in May this year, the twentieth of "May 1968".

The problems here are enormous: what was the peg for this anniversary of punk rock? No event in February 1976, that's for sure — everybody just had to get in first. Flower power in itself was a media concept; its twentieth

anniversary was mainly based on the reselling of the Beatles' maudlin *Sgt. Pepper* on compact disc. As for "May 1968" — another media periodisation — a recent article in England, in a nonsensical reversal, stated that "the '68 generation led to Thatcher".

Just as the current UK government adverts for AIDS owe a lot to situationist techniques as filtered through punk, this politically inspired rewriting of history — concentrating on the original media surface, looking at events with the eye of the present not of the period itself — takes away the undoubted power of these apparently disparate events, traditionally represented as quite separate periods and ideologies. It is much more instructive to look at the connections between 1967/68, 1976 and the present day than the differences, many of which were media-inspired in the first place.

"History is made by those who say 'No,'" wrote André Malraux, and there is a line of negation that you can trace from the beginnings of commodity capitalism in the middle years of the last century: from the Russian Nihilists, the French *poètes maudits*, the Futurists, Zurich Dada, Camus, Sartre and on and on; through the lettristes, the situationists, *les enragés*, the Maoists; through punk to the cultists, ranters and pranksters of today.

"Negation is not nihilism," wrote Greil Marcus in *Artforum*, November 1983. "Nihilism is the belief in nothing and the wish to become nothing. Negation is the act that would make it self-evident to everyone that the world is not as it seems — but only when the act is so implicitly complete that it leaves open the possibility that the world may be nothing, that nihilism as well as creation may occupy the suddenly cleared terrain."

When the Sex Pistols went public with their cry of "No Future" late in 1976, they were performing a philosophical negation which had not occurred in England in 1968. If the utopian ambitions and acute media sense of some *situs* had helped to spark the events of May 1968 in Paris, then in England they had hardly penetrated. That year was a year of political farce: the debacle of Grosvenor Square, or the equivocations of rock stars like John Lennon (*Revolution*) and Mick Jagger (*Street Fighting Man*). The Sex Pistols had to first perform a negation on this rock music itself and the music industry. When that had been done by March 1977, they attempted to go further — attacking the heart of English society through its figurehead, the Queen.

In a country with a by-now deeply buried tradition of philosophical and political thought and antinomian behaviour, it took the activities of a pop group to bring any mass negation — derived from the last model, situationism — to the UK. Because of the deep constriction of English society, it's often left to pop to express any sense of the present or the future, let alone revolutionary politics. Any situationist elements in punk are now well known, but in 1977 — when they became public knowledge through the record sleeve for the Sex Pistols' *Holidays In The Sun* — they were revelatory. Situationist activity had been carried out in England by SI members like writer Alex Trocchi (who resigned in 1964), then by a younger generation of agitators. Inspired also by the New York Motherfuckers, King Mob staged events like giving away goods in Selfridges. Leading light Chris Gray translated the first situationist book in the UK, *Leaving The 20th Century* (1974), the title derived from *Internationale Situationniste* 9, August 1964.

Apart from many varieties of "no", the keyword of this negation was "boredom". Baudelaire's *ennui*, the favourite of Sartre, Camus and Valerie Solanas, and a founding situationist principle. "We are bored in the town, there is no longer any Temple of the Sun," wrote Ivan Chetchevlov in October 1953. The Angry Brigade, the English terrorist equivalent of Baader/Meinhof, referred to it in their *Communiqué* 8: "Life is so boring there is nothing to do except spend your wages on the latest skirt or shirt. The future is ours."

Boredom became the keyword of punk in 1976. Malcolm McLaren packaged the Sex Pistols to pose the question,

Boredom became the keyword of punk in 1976. Malcolm McLaren packaged the Sex Pistols to pose the question, 'What are the politics of boredom?'

"What are the politics of boredom?", and the word spread like a rash through songs by the Clash, the Buzzcocks, the Slits, the Adverts, etc. This was backed up by the clothes that the Sex Pistols wore. In McLaren and Vivienne Westwood's shop, Sex, slogans from May 1968 and Valerie Solanas were sprayed around the walls. Other were stencilled or sewn onto clothes — just like the exilis and lettristes had done in the early Fifties — examples include: "Be reasonable — demand the impossible", "A bas le Coca Cola", "Prenez-vos desirés pour la réalité".

"Punk has been, to date, the last 'great' cultural movement," write the authors of *Plagiarism*. "Its practitioners took numerous styles and ideas from the past and recombined them to create something that was apparently 'new'. Style here is of primary importance, since the punk movement was intent on situating itself in the media discourse. Just as punk consisted of a series of quotations from past styles, so it was itself easily quotable. Hence its success."

Once punk had lost its negation (by July 1977) and became assimilated (as was inevitable) into the music industry, these style wars facilitated the entry of post-modernism into an English culture still commercially led by the music industry. Of all the many circular examples of style without politics, one is most glaring: the assumption of Laughton's "War: Hide Yourself!" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, who put it on a T-shirt in 1984. The design was pirated, turned into a fad and was gone within a month.

The surfaces and products of punk have become assimilated to the point that *Rolling Stone*, that bastion of the US rock industry, names in 1987 the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind The Bollocks* as the second-best album of the last twenty years — after *Sgt. Pepper*. So is a false continuum established.

There is, however, another continuum. It's clear that the events of May 1968 in France, or 1976/77 in England were part of the same archetype: the utopian virus that has weaved in and out of history. There are traces, for instance, in John Lydon's cackle, "I am an anti-christ!" of the millenarian urge that is buried deep in English history, in the Diggers and the Ranters of the mid-seventeenth century. As Norman Cohn says in *The Pursuit Of The Millennium*: "It is characteristic of this kind of movement [revolutionary millenarianism] that its aims and premises are boundless. A social struggle is seen not as a struggle for specific, limited objectives, but as an event of unique importance, different in kind from all other struggles known to history." This millenarianism is beginning to recur: there are now only eleven years until the end of the century and the end of the millenium, in Western time. This may be an illusory organisation, but it offers the opportunity to slip the shackles of a fake past and to once again engage with the present and the future.

The phrase that keeps recurring now is "Leaving the 20th Century". There are new artistic and political connections being made between the media refusers, cultists, ranters, plagiarists, poets and pranksters who slip in and out of all history, not least the freedom histories of the last twenty years. Together with the "rainbow alliance" politics of pinks, yellows, blacks, reds, and greens, they offer ways out of our current impasse.

While it is not inevitable that a totally alternative consciousness will emerge from the crucible of intensifying alienation, there will be a fierce philosophical struggle during the next few years between the post-modernist and millenarian views of the world to match the eco-political struggles that will also occur.

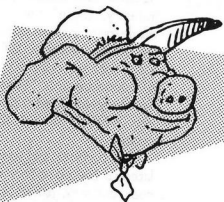
To Baudrillard, the year 2000 may well be an "empty beach", but to many people it will be, in Norman Cohn's phrase, "a cataclysm from which the world is to emerge totally transformed and redeemed".

JON SAVAGE is currently researching and writing a book on the Sex Pistols and punk rock, 1975 to 1979, called *England's Dreaming*, to be published spring 1989.

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OINK!

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I SAY WHEN!

LYRICS: LENE LOVICH
STRIP: JULIE HOLLINGS



I'LL DO WHATEVER THEY WANT AS LONG AS I CAN NAME THE TIME... THE EXACT TIME... IT'S A QUIRK OF MINE...

OOOHH! MORE PLEASE, VICTORIA! -OH GOON... JUST ONE QUICK FLICK...

SORRY TERENCE - LORD FINNISTON IS DUE IN 1.4 MINUTES... TIMES UP I'M AFRAID!

MY PROFESSION MAY BE KINDA SEEDY BUT IM BEAUTIFULLY ORGANIZED - REGIMENTED, EVEN...

TIME	NAME	THAT	USED	THINGS	FRID	SAT	SUN
2:00	Donna	Adams	Mr P.	Donna	Victor	Angela	
4:00	Donna	Adams	Mr P.	Donna	Victor	Angela	
6:00	KARA	Brink	Mr T.	Angela	Victor	Angela	
8:00	Donna	Adams	Mr P.	Donna	Victor	Angela	
10:00	Donna	Adams	Mr P.	Donna	Victor	Angela	
12:00	Donna	Adams	Mr P.	Donna	Victor	Angela	
2:00	Donna	Adams	Mr P.	Donna	Victor	Angela	

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RUBBER STICKING
HOPPER CLAIMS



YEAH-WHO IS IT?
MR BRISTLEY...
YOU KNOW I DONT
LIKE CALLS BEFORE
12.00... LET ME
SEE WHEN I CAN
FIT YOU IN...



NO! SUNDAY
AFTERNOON IS
NOT O.K! WHY?...
BECAUSE I SAID SO!
I NAME THE TIME...
YOU KNOW THAT'S
THE RULE!
...OR I WONT
LET YOU COME
AT ALL...



...THAT'S BETTER...
NOW LET ME SEE...
TUESDAY 7.37?
... I'LL PENCIL YOU
IN ... AND YOU'RE
GOING TO BRING
YOUR LONG
RUBBER MAC?
... FINE. SEE
YOU THEN.

AND AS FOR AIDS, WELL I DONT RECKON
THE HIV VIRUS WILL GET THROUGH
ALL THIS RUBBER NEAR...



HEY, VICTORIA, DO YOU
LIKE MY NEW GEAR?
HALF PRICE
IN THE
LILLYWHITE
SALE!

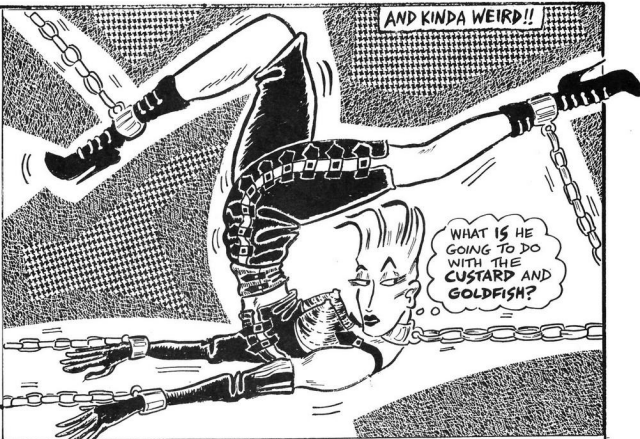
FAB, DONALD,
JUST
FAB!



IT WAS THROUGH ACNE THAT MET
JOHNNIE, THE ONLY GUY WHO
EVER MESSED WITH MY TIME-
KEEPING AND MY HEART!!
HE WAS TALL, HANDSOME...



AND KINDA WEIRD!!



USUALLY I WAS VERY STRICT ABOUT
DEADLINES...

BUT JOHNNIE SOON BECAME AN
EXCEPTION...

I WAS FALLING IN LURV AND IT
WASNT DOING BUSINESS ANY
GOOD...

OK - JOHNNIE, YOU'VE HAD YOUR 4 HOURS
TIME TO GO - LORD FINNISTON WILL BE
HERE SOON...

OH - SOD LORD FINNISTON!!

Y'KNOW, I THINK YOU'RE
SLIPPING, VICTORIA LOVE.
I CANT FEEL A THING!



IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO
BAD IF HE'D CARED AT ALL
BUT HE DIDNT. HE DIDNT
HAVE A WATCH EITHER AND
STOOD ME UP TIME AND
TIME AGAIN...
THREE HOURS PASSES
SLOWLY IN THE RAIN...

IT BEGAN TO GET EMBARRASSING...

AND LONELY...

HE LET THINGS SLIP...

WOULD MADAME LIKE TO ORDER
NOW?

NO, I'LL WAIT
TIL JOHNNIE
ARRIVES...

HE'WONT
BE MUCH
LONGER





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JONATHAN ROSS



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panic brothers don't panic!

THEY'RE NOT BROTHERS, really. They're not even related. But Richard Morton and Reg Meuross are the Panic Brothers. They work very much in harmony. So much so that it's almost impossible to treat them separately...

"We've been going for two-and-a-bit years and we've played nearly 400 gigs, opening for every kind of act you can imagine as well as doing gigs in our own right. We did a Gary Glitter tour and Lenny Henry's UK 86 tour, which was our first big break. The dressing room on the Glitter tour was fun. Gary had a big cocktail cabinet with every drink imaginable — we didn't even get a lager. We had a sink with paint in it.

"When we started, we used to take a load of gigs just to get our faces into clubs and pubs. We've had funny hecklers but we've gone down pretty well just about everywhere. Our songs are about everyday life — a very grim subject — but we add a certain amount of wit to make them entertaining.

"We kinda overdosed on the Everly Brothers a bit because we made a mistake when we first started playing — we used the quote 'social realism meets the Everly Brothers', thinking it would be a good idea. But since then it has been hard to shake off. The nicest quote we had was 'pre-carbohydrate Everly Brothers'.

"We work a lot outside of London. We went to Munich last year and we are off to Belgium this year and hopefully to the States. We have had offers to play various venues in the States but not enough to guarantee that we wouldn't lose money. We would love to go to the States as a lot of our influences are from there.

"We have had a good reaction to our record in America. There are two views: some people say that the songs we sing are too British, not the kind of language you would use in everyday American-speak; but others say our stuff is universal. But if we did the rock/folk-roots/comedy venues that we do here, we think we would go down well.

"We've managed to find a niche for ourselves in the last six months. You could say we are post-punk alternative comedy, 'cos there isn't that much of that about now. We are not comedy in the sense that it's a comedy act, it's just got that same appeal.

"There is a punk element to what we do. We loved all that Clash/'77/new wave school of music, although we are well past that now. It's like alternative comedy... you think about Alexei Sayle and the Comic Strip — they were the post-punk school of comedy but now they are the established order.

"We know comedians who were influenced by the Clash, but for us it's the other way round — we are

musicians influenced by comedy. The more serious life gets, the more you need to make light of it.

"Our songs are quite country-tinged. Post-punk, but definitely rooted in country. We both write the songs but we write separately. We argue most days but never come to blows. The Panic Brothers exist as a getting-back-to-the-basics acoustic sound.

"It's difficult to avoid the pastiche tag, but what we do is approach the material from an English angle and try to keep the essence and pathos of some of those great country titles. We have a song, *Almost as Blue as Hank Williams*, trying to make light of suicidal despair. That's where the feeling comes in — you take a really sad subject and look for the sunny side.

"Our inspiration comes from years on the dole. The first songs we wrote were strictly from our own poverty and depression, so you could say our album is a true story."

● And a fine album it is too. And we have two copies of it to give away in another one of our totally nonsensical question competitions: Who was the host of Friday Night Live? The usual rules apply, and the deadline is August 1. As a corollary to this competition, the first person who figures out why we posed the above question gets a free year's subscription to *Heartbreak Hotel*. Wacky.



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~ LIKE VODOO!



STAY IN BED FOR A FEW
DAYS AND EAT CHOCOLATE
(BUT REMEMBER TO KEEP
LOTS OF ZIT CREAM HANDS)



LIE FLAT ON YOUR
BACK AND STARE AT THE
CEILING UNTIL THE PAIN
EVENTUALLY GOES
AWAY



YOU ROTTER!
LOW-DOWN SNAKE,
YOU MADE MY DOOR
HEART BREAK!
THINK I'LL DIE FROM
EATING
CAKE



DON'T WRITE ANY POETRY!
DUE TO THE EVER INCREASING
INCIDENCE OF HEARTBREAK
IN THE WORLD ~ LOVELOORN
POETRY IS REACHING EPIDEM-
IC PROPORTIONS. ENVIRON-
MENTALISTS PREDICT THAT
AT THE CURRENT RATE THERE
WOULD BE A SINGLE TREE
LEFT BY THE YEAR 2015
~ ALL TREES HAVING BEEN
MADE INTO PAPER!



THERE NOW ~ WITH THE
ADVICE CONTAINED ON THIS
LEAF ~ YOU SHOULD HAVE
FULLY RECOVERED,
BRIGHT-EYED, BUSHY-
TAILED ~ ALL READY
FOR SOMEONE TO
BREAK IT ALL OVER
AGAIN. KEEP THIS
LEAFLET TO HAND!
YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED IT!



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Waldo Sez: Get the Set!

zen and THE ART of THE BASS'S...

UH, EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD WE PLEASE MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PANEL? DON AND LIONEL HAVEN'T BOTHERED TO 'CLEAN UP' GLENN'S ACT FROM ISSUE 3/

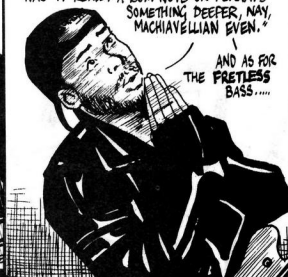


and boy did he 'so' it!!

"BUT WHY THE BASS?"

I HEAR YOU CRY. "WHY NOT THE FLUTE OR HARP?" A SILENT CHUCKLE ESCAPES MY LIPS AS YOU WONDER "WHAT HIDDEN MESSAGES RESONATE FROM EACH HARMONIC STRUCK? WAS IT REALLY A BUM NOTE OR PERHAPS SOMETHING DEEPER, MAY, MACHIAVELLIAN EVEN."

AND AS FOR THE PRETLESS BASS.....



... NO. HANG ON A SEC... THIS IS THE ~~3000TH~~ ISSUE RIGHT? I'LL GET BACK TO PHILOSOPHICAL AND EXISTENTIAL SECRETS HIDDEN WITHIN THE BASS IN A MO'. HMM... ~~PAUSE~~ OH YES I REMEMBER... IT WAS 1976... SAFETY PINS... ... BONDAHE...



OMYGODMYGODPUNKSANARCHY GODS SAVE THE PRETTY VAGANT QUEEN BILL GRUNDY THEN ORD FUKON LINE I.V. GOBBING PIGS SNIFFING WEE PUNKS JUST BORN AND IS NEARLY DEAD LETS FORM A BAND I WANNA CALL MYSELF SUE-ECIDE WHAT ON YOU PLAY I DIDNT THINK YOU HAD TO TURN IT ON UP...



... YOUTHS WITH WEIRD HAIRCUTS AND BIZARRE MAKE-UP AND THE PERFECT REPLACEMENT FOR THE CLICHED HIPPY SON/ DAUGHTER IN MIDDLE-CLASS SIT-COMS!

ACTUALLY, IN 1975 I WANTED THIS! HIS HAIRCUT WAS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE STYE I'D SEEN SINCE THE AFRO. MUMMY SAID "NO"



BUT IT WAS MORE THAN JUST MUSIC AND FASHION! THERE WAS A POSITIVE BUZZING IN THE AIR!

A TIME FOR CHANGE, A TIME FOR REAL SELF-EXPRESSION. PEOPLE COMING OUT AND DEFYING CONFORMITY, REJECTING ALL THE SHIT THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD TO EAT!

BUT, AS HAPPENED IN THE 60's THAT TOO BECAME PART OF THE FASHION! IS HOLLOW!



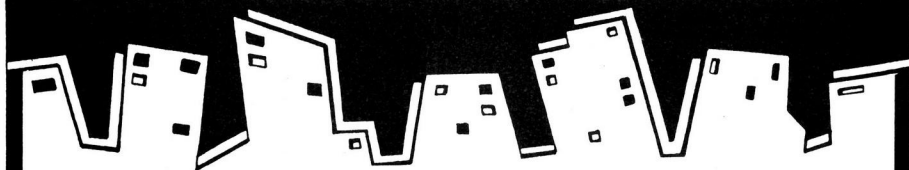
...YOU HAD TO BE THERE AT THE TIME!

...WHICH NEATLY BRINGS US FULL CIRCLE TO - WHY THE BASS? I'LL TELL YOU.



IT HAS LESS STRINGS THAN A HARP!

© 1998 FLOYD R. JONES HUGHES. THANKS TO WAYNE (PHOTOS), TRACY (HAT), MUM & DAD (GLOVES) MARILYN (JACKET) SANDRA (RING) GLENN (COFFE) WESTONE (BASS) JACK KIRBY (OMAC & D.C. COMICS), 'GOOD PUNK' PLUGS 'RIOT' BY DAVID HINE & VICKI, LOVE & DECKETS BY LOS BROS HERNANDEZ, PHIL LASKY (ESCAPE 7) JOHN BAGNALL (ESCAPE 7) BLACK MEAT BY ANDY JOHNSON (1978), BEFO MAN, JOBBIE HIDE IN ENGLAND, JAMIE REED, BLACK FLAG, HUSKER DU, NOFEMANS, BIG BLACK, BAD BRAINS, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, PEAR, SCREAM, S.I.F. ETC.



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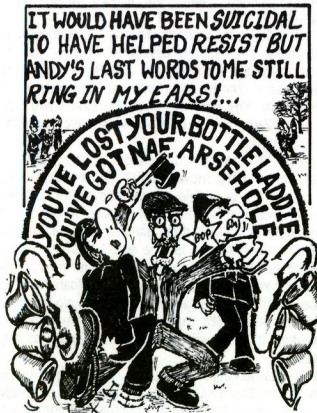
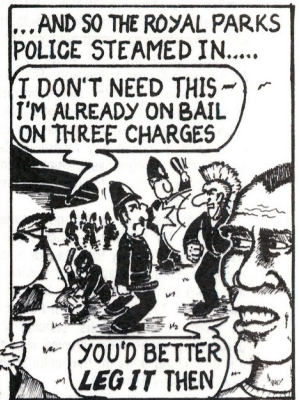
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"Accidental" Death of Another Anarchist



PETE MASTIN

RICKY SLAMMERS

IF A REZILLOS single were a movie, what kind of movie would it be?

Well, let's see. It would be low-budget, available for rental on video from a garage forecourt near you and would probably be called something like *I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant or Space Sluts in the Slammer*. It would be fast and funny, and would certainly reject all notions of good taste. And it would probably be released by Beyond Infinity Film Sales.

What I'm getting at is the perfect match between trash movies — or, more to the point, trash video — and very loud, very fast, knowingly tasteless youth music. This is the link which the Ramones celebrated so ably with *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (took my baby away from me). Movies like *Repo Man* make a similar connection. This is — yes! — punk video.

I'm serious. One of the things that made punk so thoroughly enjoyable was its sheer sense of attack and, like, total sensory overload (maaan). Another was its admirable do-it-yourself ethic, with a million tiny record labels; yet a third was that attitude towards good taste which I mentioned earlier. Where is this spirit to be found today? Not in the rock 'n' roll industry, that's for sure.

Turn instead to video. No, not movies, video. You can buy a camcorder for £600, not much more than a decent guitar. Radio Rentals give a free loan of a video camera to anyone regularly using their tape rental service. Then all you need are a few weird friends with time on their hands, a suitably lurid title (how about *The Girlfriend from Hell* or *Screwball Hotel*?). Add an even more ludicrous concept ("Twins: Identical twin gynaecologists become involved with the same woman") and it'll be shifting units off the rental shelves faster than you can say *Surf Nazis Must Die*.

You see, rental changes the whole ballgame. There are currently around ten million VCRs in this country, all hungry for tape. And when you've seen every "real" movie you can stomach from your local video emporium, why not turn to the top shelf and scope out *Vampire Hookers* ("Blood isn't all they suck") or *Sex Police*? Hell, rental's cheap enough, and who's going to know? Sure beats television.

The current kings of this sort of thing, judging by the Cannes issue of *Screen International*, are the aforementioned Beyond Infinity — known merely as Infinity last year — and Troma. These guys are the spiritual heirs of Roger Corman. No less.

Beyond Infinity's roster for Cannes reads as follows: *Pulse Pounders*, *Buy and Sell*, *Transformations*, *Ghost Town*, *Subterraneans*, *Cellar Dweller*, *Hack 'em High*, *The Dirty Filthy Slime*, *I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant*, *Space Sluts in the Slammer*, *Night Crew*, *Bimbo Barbecue* and *Piranha Women*.

Troma offers: *The Toxic Avenger Part II*, *Fortress of America*, *Hunted to Death*, *Star Worms II* and (of course) *Redneck Zombies*. Do they sound as if they'd be difficult to make? C'mon, will you relax?

Don't tell me you're worried about *Bimbo Barbecue* being ideologically unsound? That's like worrying about the Sex Pistols being antisocial. How can you be so sombre about this ludicrous stuff? Remember the folks who complained that the Cure's first single, *Killing an Arab*, was racist? Remember how silly they looked? There is no need to feel guilty about liking this stuff. Trust me.

There is one further parallel to be drawn here: the kind of



movie I'm talking about has a lot in common with comic books. Both are (comparatively) easy and cheap to do, both are highly accessible, both appeal to a young and hip audience, and both lend themselves to a fondness for going as far over-the-top as possible. What, after all, is SGA's *The Brain* ("A TV psychologist mind-controls a small town by means of a giant carnivorous human brain") but an EC horror comic transferred to video tape?

Should you still doubt that *mondo video* is the coming thing and unquestionably the medium deserving of your talents, allow me to remind you of the crossover success of movies like *Robocop*, *Evil Dead II*, *The Fly* and *Critters* — spiritually, if not actually, video trash. You don't need me to remind you that, ever since *Star Wars*, comic book movies have been the biggest genre of the lot.

Take *Hellraiser II*, planned for release in the States in August. Likely to be a big movie, right? Top ten box office around the world for a couple of months, right? *Screen International* tells us that the film will deliver 60 gallons of blood, 40 gallons of slime and three gallons of vomit. Cinema as art? Forget it. Amphetamine for the eyes? You bet.

FACT: George A. Romero, king of the zombie movies, got his start in the movie business with a \$5,000 loan from his uncle Monnie. FACT: Romero gets those neat exploding-head effects by packing blood-filled condoms into a foam latex head and then blasting it apart with a shotgun. Cinema as art? Gimme a break!

Armed with this attitude, widespread distribution to the impulse renter, an Enterprise Initiative loan and a cheap camcorder, what could the aspiring director and friends not achieve? Anyone out there want join me in setting up a video movie company? Deptford Fun City Movies? Give me a call.

We'll do lunch.

JOHN SHORT — STILL LIFE WITH ROT



©JOHN SHORT 1988

IT WAS DECEMBER 1984.
BRITAIN WAS BEING GROUND
UNDER THE HEEL OF A
FACIST DICTATORSHIP...



IS WATCHING YOU!

... AND I WAS BEING
GUILTY OF A THOUGHT CRIME

DOUBLE-PLUS-GOOD SO FAR,
EH?

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
THE BRITISH PRESS
HAS SUNK TO AN
ALL TIME LOW.



I MEAN LOOK AT THIS...

THIS PAPER READS LIKE IT
WAS KNOCKED TOGETHER
BY AN INFINITE NUMBER OF
RIGHT-WING CHIMPANZEES.



AND TO CAP IT ALL THEY'VE
DROPPED 'AXA' FOR A BADLY
DRAWN FOOTBALL STRIP...

AS A COMIC STRIP ARTIST IN
THE 80'S I FEEL IT
IS MY DUTY TO DO SOME-
THING ABOUT ALL THIS...



BUT WHERE DO I FIND
MY SUBJECT MATTER?

WAIT A MINUTE. ISN'T
THAT RUTH ROT, SINGER
WITH THE FLYING SCUM,
AND LOCAL PUNK HERO?



WITH HER IN MY COMIC
STRIP I COULD REALLY
MAKE PEOPLE SIT UP
AND LISTEN...

WHO YOU LOOKIN' AT
DOG BREATH!?



AND SO IT WAS THAT
RUTH AND I FIRST MET
AND STARTED WORKING
TOGETHER ON THE 'RUTH
ROT' STRIP FOR THE
'SOUTH COAST EXPRESS'.

BUT SOMETHING SINISTER
HAPPENED TO THE PAPER.
WITHOUT WARNING IT
WAS CLOSED DOWN!



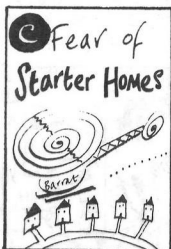
THE GOVERNMENT
MUST BE BEHIND
IT. IT'S A PLOT!

BULL! IT WAS A SCUMMY
HACK-RAG. THEY JUST
WENT BUST.

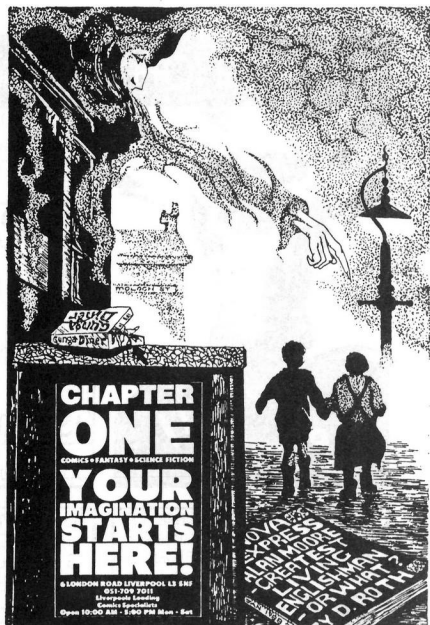


THAT WAS NOT THE LAST
THE WORLD SAW OF RUTH
OR ME. WATCH OUT. YOU
CAN'T KEEP A GOOD
ANARCHIST DOWN.

What
is
Homophobia?
- Is it..



ARTISTS AGAINST RAMPANT
GOVERNMENT HOMOPHOBIA



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90 PRETTY VACANT

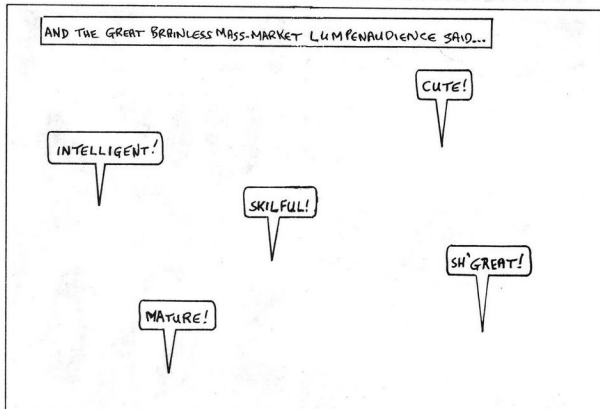
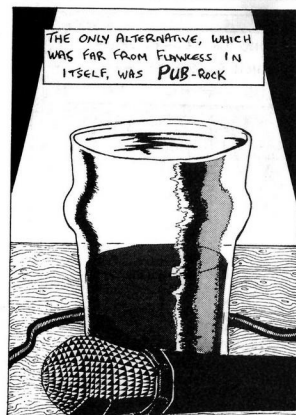
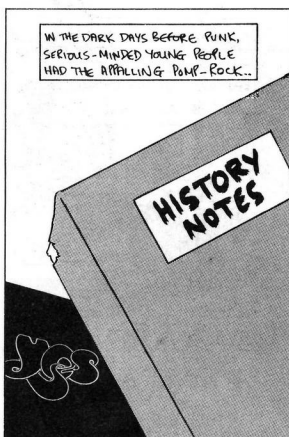
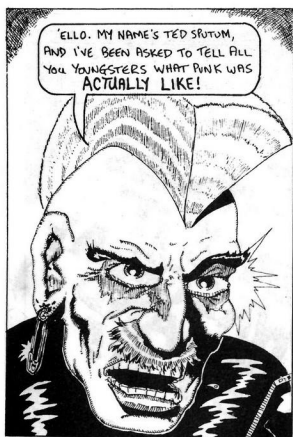
SPIN DOUXE THE BUNCH

BY PAUL SLADE

FLICK THE BELL GRIMLY

PEACE

LET'S WE FORGET



THEN, THANKS LARGELY
TO THE TABLOIDS, PUNK
WAS SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE



AND CLOTHES STARTED
TO GET INTERESTING
AND WEIRD AGAIN



AND YOU COULD SEE
THREE OR FOUR GREAT
LITTLE CLUB GIGS A WEEK



AND, FOR MAYBE THREE
YEARS, THE CLASH WERE THE
BEST BAND IN THE WORLD



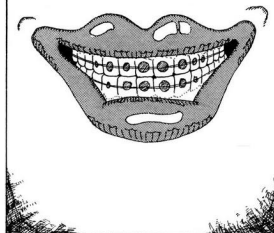
AND SOME 'PATRIOT'
RAZORED JOHNNY ROTTEN
IN JUBILEE YEAR



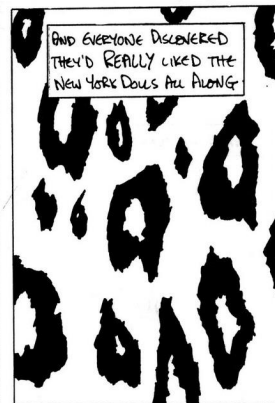
AND THE DESPERATE
BICYCLES PUT A MESSAGE
ON THE END OF THEIR FIRST EP

**IT WAS
EASY, IT
WAS CHEAP
I GO AND
DO IT!**

AND IT WAS POSSIBLE
FOR EVEN POLY STYRENE
TO BECOME A STAR



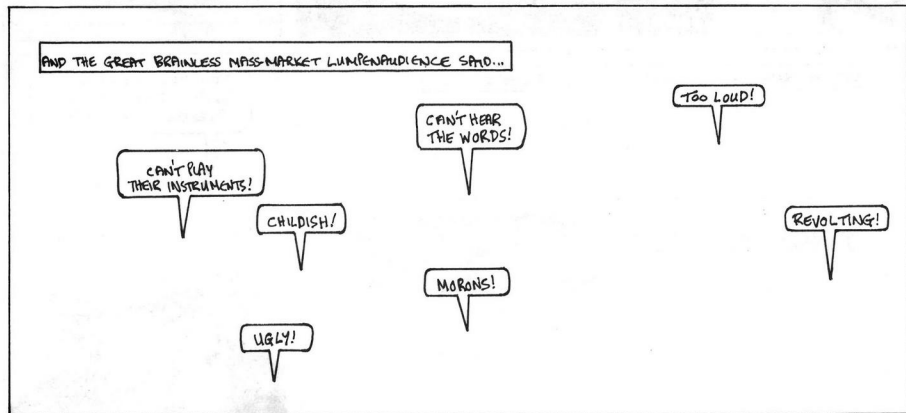
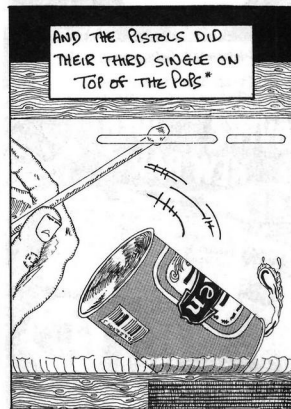
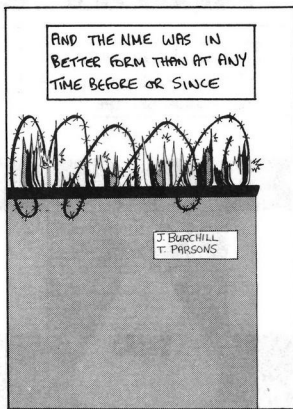
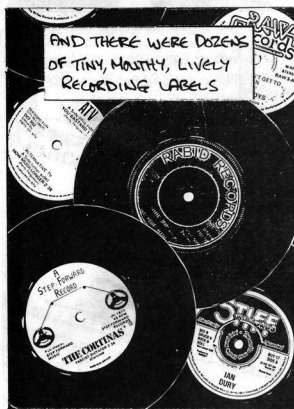
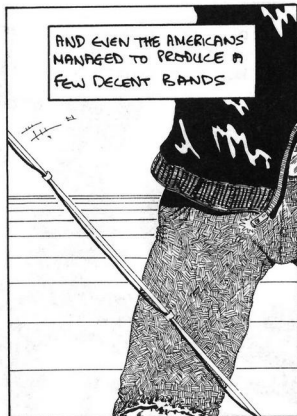
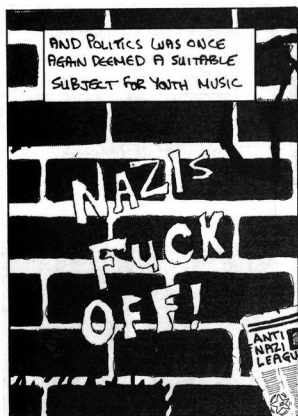
AND EVERYONE DISCOVERED
THEY'D REALLY LIKED THE
NEW YORK DOLLS ALL ALONG

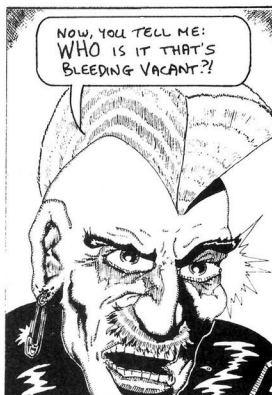
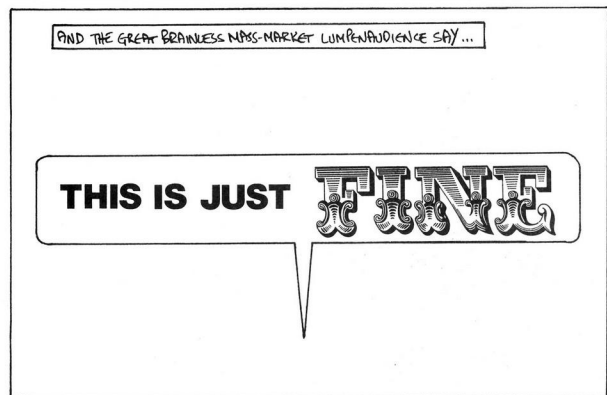
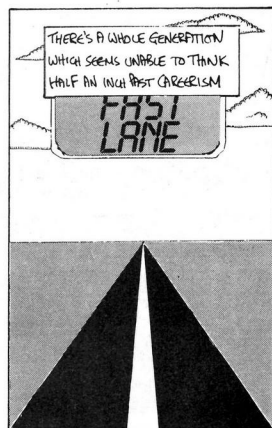
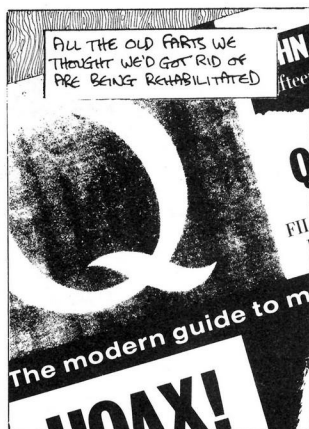


AND THE MIGHTY SEVEN
INCH SINGLE REGAINED
ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE

THE SEVEN INCH SINGLE REGAINED ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE

- 1) Anarchy in the UK -- Sex Pistols
- 2) Complete Control -- The Clash
- 3) God Save the Queen -- Sex Pistols
- 4) Suspect Device -- Stiff Little Fingers
- 5) Shot by Both Sides -- Magazine
- 6) Pretty Vacant -- Sex Pistols
- 7) White Man in the Hammersmith Palais --
- 8) What Do I Get? -- Buzzcocks
- 9) The Public Image -- Public Image
- 10) Teenage Kicks -- The Undertones
- 11) Alternative Ulster -- Stiff Little Fingers
- 12) Rarities -- Buzzcocks
- 13) The Damned





GRIP OF THE BASTARD OR 'QUAGMIRE OF CONTEMPT'

"I'VE GOT A bit of a name for video nasty work," says *Evil Dead* and *Nightmare on Elm Street* artist **Graham Humphreys**.

"The first *Evil Dead* poster was about five years ago, and producing *Evil Dead 2* was like redoing the original artwork, only having to improve on something you've seen so many times that you're sick of the sight of it.

"Films have always inspired me. I like film posters that don't necessarily look like 'posters'. But in a commercial world you can only take things so far and often you get beaten back. The compromise is always there and that's what I always see in my work.

"But I do have a number of different illustration styles that I try to use on different projects. I've worked on a couple of book jackets. There was one — *Elvis and Gladys*... a really hilarious title. Gladys was Elvis's mother. One of the things in the book I was really into was the idea that Elvis's whole image was based on Captain Marvel Jnr — dyed black hair, a forelock, and the wide-legged stance.

"Another book I worked on was about the last days of Dylan Thomas. And although I was never a fan, reading the book I found myself really liking him. I've always been fascinated by the sleazy side of things.

"A lot of my stuff is inspired by music. I was a punk fan — I listen to the Cramps and I get a lot of energy from that — but I've also expanded my tastes. I like a lot of old blues stuff now.

"I dream of going to New Orleans — it seems a colourful place. But then, places I haven't been to are often more colourful in my mind. I've been to New York and a few places in America and they have all been an inspiration. But not as much as the imagined places I would go."

IN WHICH IT IS REALISED
THAT THE SLIMEY UGLY MESS
INSIDE THE LAVA LAMPS IS THE
ACTUAL BRAINS OF VERY
IGNORANT PEOPLE!...

...WHOSE SELFISH, BIASED,
HYPOCRITICAL OPINIONS SO
LACK SUBSTANCE THAT THEIR
FLUIDITY IS IDEALLY SUITED
TO DISPOSABLE GLITZ!

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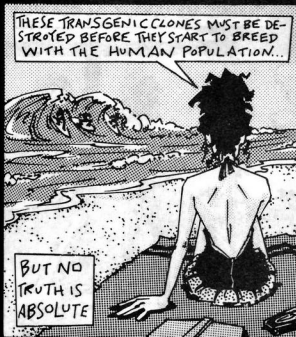
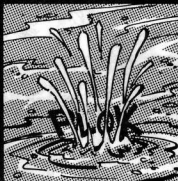


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JESSE & SAMMY

PARKER/CALKIN 088

WHEN
THE
WORM
WEARS
OFF...





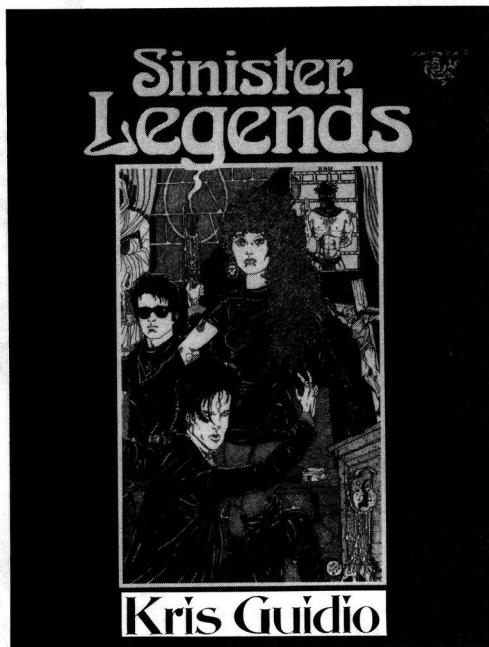
● continued on page 43

Sinister Legends

by KRIS GUIDIO

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SOUNDS, MAY 1988.

"Anyone who has seen Savoy Records' 12" singles by P. J. Proby or The King Cocaine Band will have noticed the company's distinctive visual style. Kris Guidio's "Sinister Legends" both confirms and extends that style. Guidio is an artist and illustrator, inspired not by the children's classics of the past but by rock'n'roll - in particular The Cramps, whose trash exploits are commemorated in a series of strips. The book also includes drawings based on some of rock's darker figures, from Proby to Johnny Thunders."

RECORD COLLECTOR, MAY 1988.

"Kris Guidio draws me the way I wanna look. I wish I looked so handsome!"

JOHNNY THUNDERS

"I love that guy dearly, you know, but he was wrecking himself... he's so talented. His art is brilliant."

WAYNE HUSSEY. THE MISSION.

"This was rock'n'roll. I loved the stuff he did for us."

LUX INTERIOR. THE CRAMPS.

"Okay, José. I just wanna see more and more of this stuff. It's great!"

LONG GONE JOHN.

Journalist for 'Endless Party', L.A.

"Yeah, yeah... it's all crazy. Kris Guidio's crazy. Bloody Hammer, right?"

ROKY ERICKSON.

"Perhaps the tales of drug clinics and divorce courts and deportations are true... in more ways than one this is a very real book: and that's the reason to buy it." Mike Don's DREAMBERRY WINE, MAY 1988.

"Kris Guidio's "Sinister Legends" - the art bible for Twenty-First Century Man? God help us!"

T.L.S., 1988.

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'The road to excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom' - William Blake



'All the wit in the world is lost on him who has none' - La Bruyère

LORD
HORROR

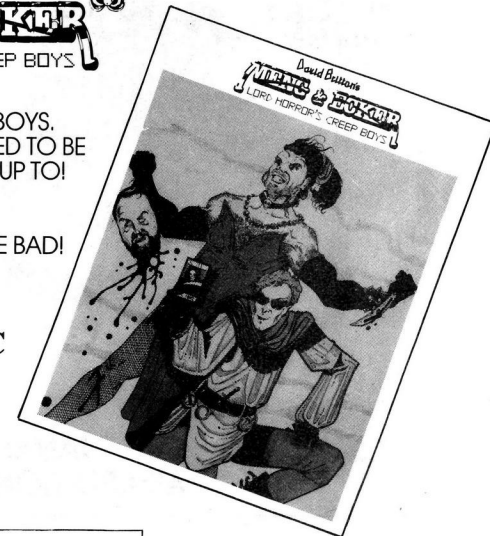
'I think that life is a very sad piece of buffoonery' - Pirandello



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EVERYTHING **VIZ** PROMISED TO BE
BUT COULDN'T MEASURE UP TO!

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ADULT GRAPHIC

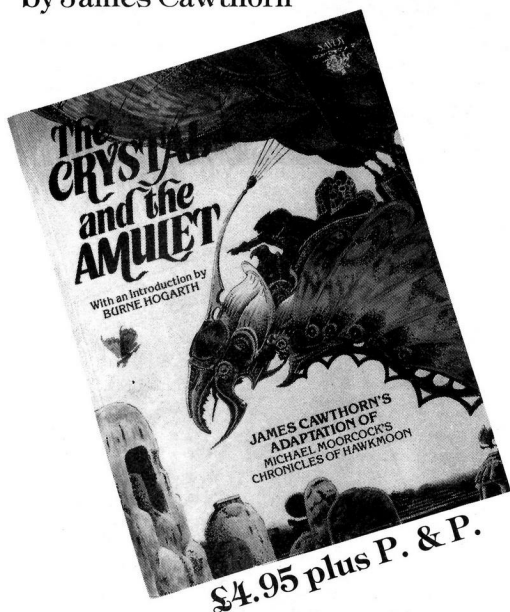




SAVOY BACKLIST



The Crystal and the Amulet by James Cawthorn



A Graphic Adaptation of Michael Moorcock's 'Hawkmoon' Novels

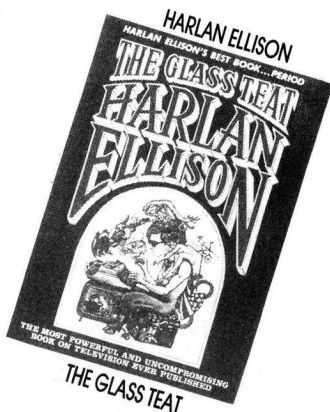
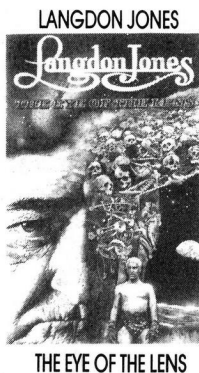
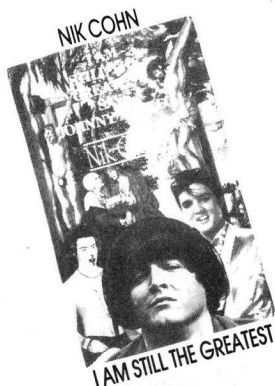
"Jim Cawthorn and I have been inseparable for over twenty-five years, sometimes to the point where I can't remember which came first – the drawing or the story. It is his drawings of my characters which remain for me the most accurate, both in detail and in atmosphere. His interpretations in strip form will always be, for me, the best."
MICHAEL MOORCOCK

The greatest living artist of the comic book, Burne Hogarth, contributes the Introduction to 'The Crystal and the Amulet'. This is Mr Hogarth's only introduction to a book by a comic artist in his long and distinguished career.

"Cawthorn has succeeded in giving substance to the stone, metal and flesh of this world . . . When the art starts to move, as in the battle scenes, the effect is stunning."

THE COMIC'S JOURNAL

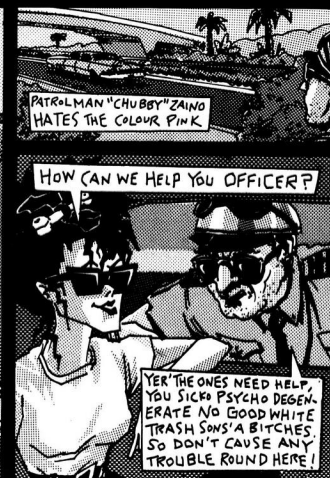
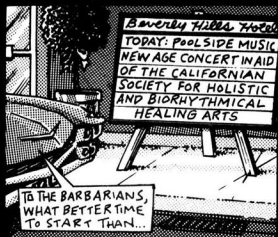
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for any crimes
that may follow...





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To be continued...

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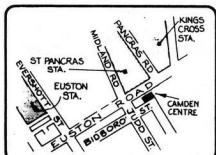
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The Shamen meet the opposition

the DAMNATION ALLEY

ANY PUBLICITY IS good publicity, and getting headlines in *The Sun* for writing a song featured in an ad campaign that is never going to be shown can't be all bad. "No, in a way it's not," says Colin Angus, lead singer of The Shamen. "Still, it would have been nicer if it had arisen after the commercial had been aired and people had actually heard the song and had a chance to react to it."

The advert was for McEwan's lager, the song was *Happy Days* and, as Colin points out during The Shamen's live set, it cost Scottish and Newcastle breweries £1m. And all this because the popular press "revealed" that the band "advocated pornography", "admitted to taking drugs" and featured the Royal Family and the Pope in a "pornographic" slide show during gigs. The brewery's reasoning was that "we have a strong policy for social responsibility and we cannot associate with any suggestion of condoning anti-social behaviour". But it could well have also had something to do with the fact that *Happy Days* includes a scathing indictment of Britain's involvement in the Falklands War.

The question is, though, are The Shamen serious about it all? "Yes," says Colin, "but it's all a question of degree. What we are advocating is the *freedom* to do those things. It's freedom that is the real issue." Nevertheless, the band has put this *contretemps* behind them and moved on to newer, and perhaps more sinister targets — the resurgent religious Right. Their new single, *Jesus Loves Amerika*, is a blistering attack on that country's fanatical fundamentalist "Christians". The sound is hard and driving — beatbox rhythms overlaid with a frenzied, mandolin-like guitar and some righteous sampling of serious religious rant.

The vision of the band, says Colin, is to continue creating genuine psychedelic pop for the late 1980s. "In the 60s," he says, "psychedelic bands hybridised black R&B dance rhythms with pop melody and whatever studio technology was available at the time. What we are doing now is similar, except that this is 1988 and today's rhythms and technology are very different — you have hip-hop drum machines and sampling taking the place of Bo Diddley riffs and the fuzzbox."

"I can't be bothered with the 60s copyists/revivalists you see these days. They are only concerned with recreating the fashions and duplicating the sounds of that era — ephemera, really. I don't see how any psychedelic band today can be more concerned about paisley shirts, Rickenbacker guitars and mop-top haircuts than trying to do something about the way the world is moving into a spiritual and political dark age. Or at least try to reflect the worsening situation. I mean, the real motivation behind those times was a desire to transform consciousness. And today that's as relevant and even more urgently required than ever."

With a political edge as cutting as their musical one, The Shamen prove that their love of the 60s is an inspiration rather than just an influence. A truly righteous band.

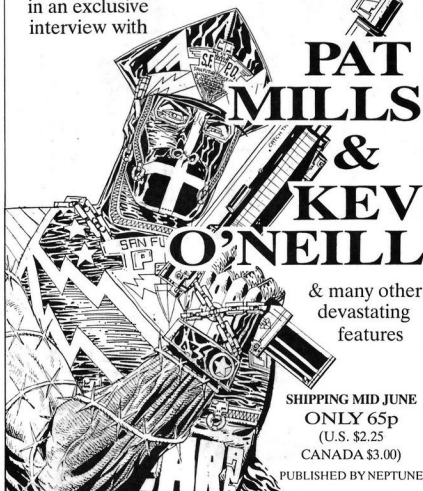
● We've got a copy of The Shamen's single *Jesus Loves Amerika* to give away in a religious competition: Name the married American telly evangelists who were recently forced to step down from office because of certain "improprieties". Answers on postcards or backs of envelopes by August 1. Hallelujah!



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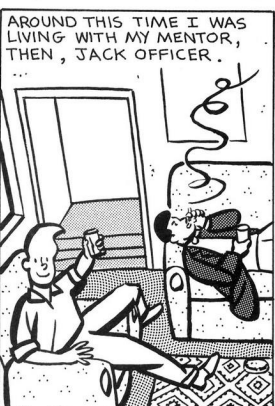
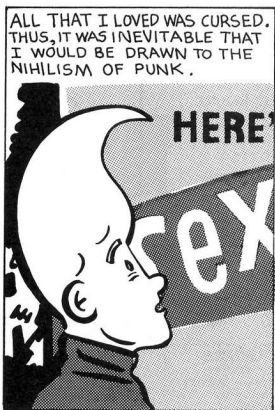
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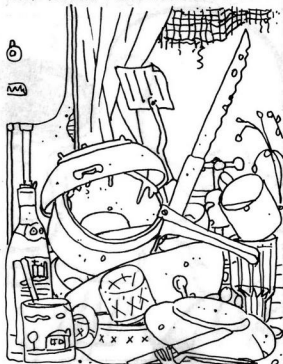
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Atale from Gimbley

WAS
"SHEENA ~~IS~~ A PUNK ROCKER"



THE DINGIEST OF DIVES WAS
MY HOME FOR ONE YEAR —



IN SUMMER I'D PICNIC ON
THE COAL BUNKER AS JACK
DUG FOR POTATOES.



AND IN WINTER I SHIVERED
IN THE LOFT...CONTENT IN
MY CONFUSION.



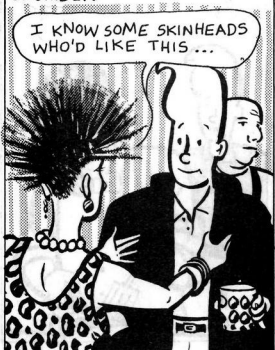
IT WAS WINTER WHEN I FIRST
MET SHEENA —



JACK AND I HAD BEGUN
IMBIBING IN A PUB FREQUENTED
BY A LOCAL PUNK CONTINGENT.
— TO JACK THIS WAS HEALTHY
SOCIAL RESEARCH, BUT FOR
ME THIS WAS LIFE INCARNATE.



I OFTEN WENT ALONE.
SHEENA TOOK A SHINE TO MY
CROMBEY.



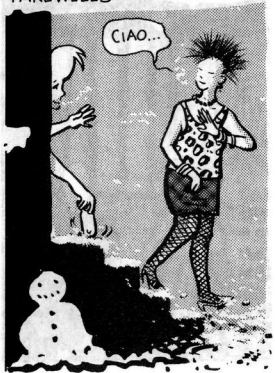
WE CHATTED MOST OF THE
EVENING, AND AS WAS OFTEN THE
CASE, I DRANK MORE THAN
MY FILL —



THE LITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES
WERE THAT WE ENDED UP
BACK IN THE FRIDGE THAT
WAS JACK'S HOUSE.



IN THE MORNING, AFFECTED
FAREWELLS —



THIS WAS MY FIRST CHRISTMAS AWAY FROM HOME AND MY PARENTS WERE CONCERNED—

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LATER THAT DAY — SHOCKING REVELATIONS.

YOU WENT TO BED WITH SHEENA!? YOU SOME KIND OF PRAT, GIMBLEY?

ANOTHER GREEN WORLD...



NOTHING HAPPENED!

SHE'S ONLY FIFTEEN, DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?



SHE ACTS OLDER.

YOU'RE SO NAIVE!

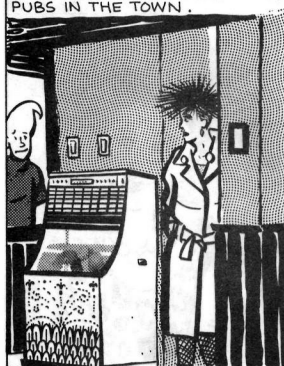


THIS WAS MY WINTER OF DISCONTENT. POOR SHEENA CALLED FOR ME MANY TIMES

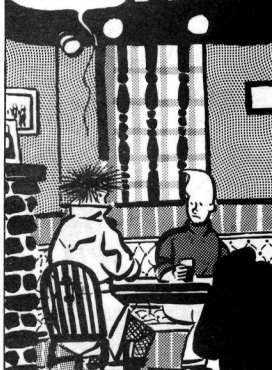
DAVE WHO?



I TRIED TO COVER MY TRACKS, BUT THERE WERE ONLY SO MANY PUBS IN THE TOWN.



I'LL TELL MY PARENTS!



I PLAYED IT COOL...

FRANKLY MY DEAR...



I HATE YOU!

I WASN'T VERY IMPRESSED EITHER.



THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE
SCRATCHED SHEENA'S LIFE.



IN MY YOUTH
I BELIEVED IN
SUCH STUFF...



ME, I'M SO SMUG THAT ONLY
DAYS LATER I BUY SHEENA
A DRINK AND SAY I HOPE ALL IS
FORGIVEN AND FORGOTTEN.



THE MISTAKES OF MY PAST
WILL OFT' RETURN TO HAUNT
ME, AND NO AMOUNT OF
CLEANSING CAN OBLITERATE
THEIR MEMORY.



APART FROM EVERYTHING
ELSE MY PUNKY REGGAE
CHRISTMAS WASN'T A
TOTAL DISASTER —



— AND FOR FIVE MINUTES ON
CHRISTMAS EVE I FELT AS IF,
REALLY, EVERYTHING WAS A-OK.



*Here comes
the sun...*



PHIL ELLIOTT 3/88

BENEATH THE BLANKET OF BANALITY



CLIVE BARKER IS a very nice guy. That's what we'd been told by everyone we'd spoken to about him before we met. And it's true. He is.

We'd arranged to meet at his place at four o'clock. I was about 15 minutes early so I thought I'd hang around for a while until Don got there. I had a smoke and buzzed the flat at five to four. Clive came down to greet me — and told me that Don ("What, me pushy?") had already been there about half an hour having a grand old time.

Clive hasn't seen much of his new central-London flat lately. He's been spending most of his time down at Pinewood seeing the finishing touches being put to *Hellraiser 2 — Hellbound*, which opens in the UK in early autumn (although there is a chance that there might be a sneak preview at the second annual Shock Around The Clock film festival at the Scala Cinema on July 30).

Clive Barker has been described as the "Hieronymus Bosch of horror fiction" and "the English Stephen King — without the moralising". But he has his own telling anecdote for those who want a quick 'n' easy definition of his work: "A friend who was looking through my video collection noticed that I had, back-to-back, *Sleeping Beauty*, *The Evil Dead*, and *Ai no corrida*. 'That's you all over,' he said. And I suppose, in a nutshell, it is."

THEY WANT TO do a *Hellraiser* picture annually. It's an interesting idea as long as it doesn't run out of steam. The whole point about the movie in the first instance was to see if we couldn't do something that wasn't a little bit different, a little bit riskier than "have sex and die" pictures. It would be self-defeating if the series simply became exploitative of itself. I would withdraw from it if they felt that they had a franchise picture which meant that they repeated the same thing over and over again. I'd simply say, "Get on with it guys." But I have no power of veto over that. You know, I signed the sucker's deal. First-time director, you sign basically anything to get the picture made. I'm executive producer of the second picture and it's my storyline, so it preserves, I hope, some of the . . . decadence of the first one.

Don: Any troubles with the censors?

Well, the trouble is that's an ongoing problem and it's very unpredictable. We lost 30 seconds from the first picture.

Lionel: Worldwide or just in England?

Oh God, in Pakistan they just run the front titles and the end titles. Nothing else left. We lost 30 seconds in this country. It's irritating, because I would like to make movies that were as unrelenting and as explicit in their metaphysical, sexual and violent imagery as the stories. But with the way censorship is at present, there's no way you can do that.

Lionel: Could you see yourself doing something like Derek Jarman, say: going out and making your own "home movies", producing them yourself and getting some sort of distribution?

Part of the problem is that to be truly subversive, you've really got to go places where you're preaching to the unconverted. I'm a great admirer of Derek's stuff, but he's preaching to the converted. His more radical statements are going to play to people who are already radicalised, and they're not going to play in Omaha or Lytham St. Annes, where you do need to get under the blanket of banality. I mean, anybody who's going to see a movie at the Lumiere is already sold on a world view which we don't really have to persuade them of.

Lionel: I don't know. You get your trendy lettuces espousing trendy causes and yet when it boils down to they're just as brain dead as the St. Annes and Omaha set.

Of course. I'm sure there's good times and bad times to be had in any group, and if you hang around long enough on any intersection in Omaha I'm sure that eventually somebody will walk by whose world view is not very far from your own. But the whole point of working in a popular medium — not just movies, but in a popular genre like horror or fantasy — is that the books I write are available on airport stands and at station stands and yet they are more subversive in their imagery, more sexualised, more *direct* in their toying with Jungian stuff than the new Frederick Forsyth would be. That's important to me.

I get fan mail sometimes from people who say, "Thank God, you're saying things that I've thought but I didn't think anybody else would ever say, much less put on paper." We were talking before about the way that the genre can sometimes contain socially subversive ideas within a fantastical form. And while they are socially acceptable, they are also usefully dangerous because they enter the dream-life of the person who's reading them. If we live three-score years and ten, we'll spend twenty-five years of that time asleep. To actually have access to that dream imagery in our waking lives, to understand the metaphorical life — which is a way of comprehending our feelings and our desires — seems to me to be more important and more significant than making realistic, naturalistic art.

You know, Plato said if you want a stable state then you throw out the poets. That was the first rule — you throw out the poets. For poets, read movie-makers, read comic-strip artists. People who will offer up some reinterpretation of the world through elaborate, fantastical metaphor. That's dangerous stuff.

Lionel: So you're trying to get ordinary folk to tap into their own subconscious?

And explain themselves through the things that we know are really true. Our fears and hopes for our bodies, our ongoing anxiety about the decay that begins at 18. Our sense of ourselves as sexually whole; the part of us that remains polymorphously perverse. All of that stuff. And I think that people will accept those kind of images and ideas in a fiction in a way that they absolutely wouldn't — because they wouldn't even bother to read it — in some kind of psychoanalytic treatise. Or indeed if you were to sit down and talk to them through their analyst.

I get a lot of mail from religious people, for instance. Very nice mail. Mail from priests and vicars saying,

"You're dealing with imagery of religion and I like it." I get a lot of mail from women saying, "You give power to women in your stories and I like that." Characters who are marginals within the power structure within our own society are, very often, in the stories given power.

I went to Japan for the movie and the Japanese critics said, "The real problem with this picture is that the women are dangerous. We can't have that in our society." And I thought, of course it's very extreme in Japan but that's true here too. Obviously Julia, in the movies, is a figure of evil, finally. But she does what she does because she desires a man. She desires a man who is more interesting than the husband she married.

Lionel: So is the ultimate horror unfulfilled sexual longing?

I think the ultimate horror is banality. And unfulfilled sexual longing would certainly fall into that category. The idea of getting through your life, lying on your death bed and saying, "If only." That is the ultimate horror. "If only" seems to me to be the final void. The time has passed and you didn't do it.

Lionel: Do you believe in God?

Personal god? Guy with a grey beard? Of course not. But system, meaning, higher purposes — absolutely.

Lionel: What about Evil and the Devil?

No. The Devil seems to me no more likely than the personal God. But if we need a thumbnail sketch of what *evil* is, we just have to look at any system which is in love with the eradication of the imaginative moment — and for imaginative moment, read people who embody creativity: the artists, the poets, the lovers. The Third Reich is the perfect example of this. Any system which wants to eradicate the folks who don't fit *won't* fit.

Lionel: Thatcher's Britain today.

Well, not just Thatcher's Britain. Actually, Islam . . . You know, yes we are living in a society which is less than wholesome and far less attractive in many ways than we would like. But *fuck*, we're not living in Iran. And we do have rights of reply still.

I think in the real sense it's very important to keep the weather eye out to the society in which we live, but I think it's also important to be aware of the rise of fundamentalism in America — which has *failed* here, signally failed here, which I think is testament to the British commonsense about that stuff and which I wholly applaud.

I speak almost as an outsider to that in lots of regards, not least the fact that my mother is part Italian and my father is part Irish. I don't feel like the British sensibility — which is reserved and cynical and ironic — is actually my sensibility. I am a romantic and an unapologetic extrovert. Many things which an outsider would describe as "quintessentially English" don't suit my nature at all.

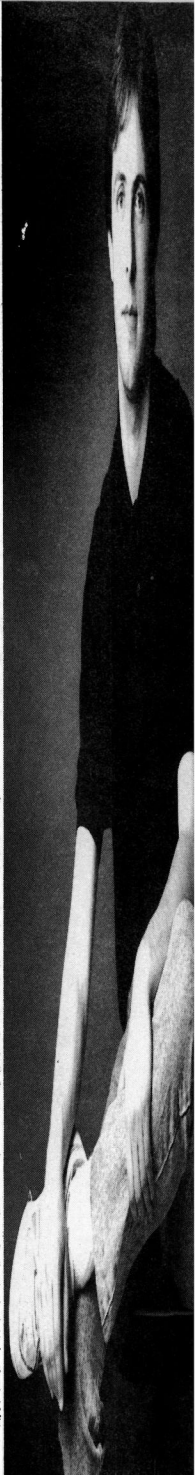
But I think if we're looking at the anxieties globally, the anxieties of living in Thatcherite Britain pale to insignificance beside the rise of fundamentalism across the world. And fundamentalism whether it be Islamic fundamentalism or Christian fundamentalism. I mean that is terrifying. And one of the great things is that we can still vote the bitch out. Eventually. I mean, she's *old*. She's gonna die. I mean, you know . . .

Don: Do you have vivid dreams and do you actually remember them?

Yes, I have vivid dreams and yes, I remember them.

Don: But do you have any dreams from your childhood that you can remember?

You know, I don't. But I think that what happens to artists is that there is a greater continuity between the dreams you had as a child and the dreams you have as an adult. I think that one of the great things about being a professional artist is that you are, in a sense, in a profession of remembering. What you're trying to do, it seems to me, is to create a continuity between your imaginative life as a child — which is something which is shamed and bullied and educated out of you — and yourself as an adult. I have a very real sense of holding on to the child. I don't mean this in an awful, sort of



sticky Steven Spielberg kind of way. I mean the child as polymorphously perverse, the child as the imagination, forbidding itself nothing. The uncensored. Everything is possible.

I think that if you're in the business of writing *fantasy* fiction, in a sense what you're doing is clawing into the sixteen hours in which you're awake in a day many of the images which in fact would be part of your dream texture. And you're making continuity — which is for me a sacred continuity, and I don't use the word lightly — between waking life and sleeping life, dreaming life, the life of the subconscious, the life of metaphor.

We live I think more than we concede in metaphor. We live in fantasy. We live in sexual fantasy, we live in a fantasy of ambition, we live in a fantasy of anarchy. I mean, we three here are *lucky*. We are all in very special positions; we're all doing things we want to do. I've never been a wage slave in my life. I reached the age of 30 having been on the dole for nine years. I left university and just went straight on to the dole. I've never even done that terrible thing — terrible thing! — of having to get up at 8 o'clock in the morning and serve somebody else's system.

Don: But if we all live in this sort of fantasy, then people who go the whole hog and murder or torture or rape, are they actually living a real life?

No. You see, I think that's exactly the flip side of what I'm saying. That *isn't* the fantasy. The people who murder and rape and so on are people who *can't* live the fantasy. That's exactly the flip side of my point. That repression, social forces sometimes, certainly sexual and religious forces . . .

I'm not talking about people who are basically unbalanced in the first place. I'm talking about systems which make people mad, which make people commit murder, which make people go out and do serious drugs and so on. This goes back to the argument that if Hitler had been taken into art college he wouldn't have formed the Third Reich. I know it's a very liberal argument and I am aware of its liabilities. Equally, I suspect you have to take it on board somewhere down the line. And you have to say that, putting aside the people who are chemically unbalanced, there are forces within any society which induce hysteria, which induce violence. Poverty is clearly one such force. Sexual repression is clearly one such force.

It seems to me that being at peace with the richness of your imaginative life, being at peace with your urges — however perverse, however left of field — is one of the ways to prevent the things that we are talking about.

Lionel: But at the same time, looking at England today and life in a society where a repression of ideas is on the upswing — and this takes into account mass-marketing techniques, advertising, the substitution of material desire for imagination, and generally keeping people from having their own ideas — can you see this as either leading people into a zombie state or, on the other hand, leading them into a really violent state.

Well, let's look at the zombie state for a moment. If we were living in 1888 now . . . I'm a lower middle-class boy; my father worked in the docks. I wouldn't have been able to own this place, which was built 38 years previous to 1888. This entire house would have been owned by a very, very rich family. The notion of being upwardly mobile in that society would have been absolutely out of the question. The streets outside would be very much more dangerous than they are now. The society that I lived in — religiously, sexually and so on — would be very much more hypocritical.

In other words, I'm not trying to play down the fact that the society we live in has its errors and its problems — it does, clearly. Equally, I would prefer to be living in 1988 than in 1888, certainly than in 1788. In fact y'know, like, forget it! This is a better time to be living, as far as the '88s are concerned. This is a good '88.

Here you are, you're publishing your magazine, I'm printing my stuff. Nobody ever tells me to edit anything,

nobody ever says I can't do something. Yes, we have to fight. Yes, we have to march. Yes, we have to shout. And we have to fight every inch. I'm not arguing for a moment that there aren't repressive forces which we have to fight against.

Equally, the Church is dead, give or take a Runcie or two. I mean, we don't really have a major problem any more. The churches are empty on a Sunday — great.

Don: I think that goes back to the fact that basically, deep down in the British, there is a very pagan nature.

Yes, but there is in the Italians too. The trouble is that their pagan nature turned them to the *weirdest* kind of rituals. Here it sort of turns them to a kind of socialised indifference, where you actually go on a Sunday, you sing hymns rather out of tune, and you leave. Or you don't go at all.

My mother will say, quoting Patience Strong or somebody, that you're closer to God in the garden than anywhere else and she'll work in the garden on a Sunday. That seems to me to be very civilised, very bright, and just together, basically. And I think there's more to applaud about the British in relation to these repressive social systems than we sometimes allow, because we do live within a system that obviously, on lots of levels, pisses us off. And I think that's legitimate.

On the other hand, voices can be heard. There was the Clause 28 march. It was on the news. It was there. Even though the police contested the numbers, it was there. It was on all the news. Now there are certainly countries we know we could go to tomorrow where it wouldn't even be reported. So I think it's important to get a sense of balance about this and look at the thing globally.

I think it's no wonder that Churchill's books were called *This Island Race*. When you think that these tiny little islands had an empire the size of Rome's for a long time and we kicked ass across the globe, sometimes in a very, very dangerous and destructive way. And I think that Margaret Thatcher makes veiled reference to that tradition — the glorious tradition — still, and manages to make political headway out of it.

Don: She makes the people of England feel like they still are something.

The people of England are like the people of France, and like the people of Italy — people. A combination of contrary forces gathered under one political regime which was voted in by the majority. It's an old cliché but it's true: "Democracy isn't perfect, but it's the best thing we've got." And the fact is, for better or worse, the government that's in power was voted in there.

Now I have all kinds of problems with that government, and I will sure as shit and whenever it suits shout loud and hard against it. Equally, I trust democracy. I believe that we have a better shot at getting the society right than we would if we were living in Iran, or Russia, or China. In other words, it's important that at the same time as making sure we don't let these sons of bitches get away with anything to celebrate the system which allows us to shout and be heard.

Consider the cuttlefish

IT SEEMS TO me that the whole point is to hold in your mind's eye at the same moment the puppy dog and the mass murderer.

There's an extraordinary film . . . I forget who made it, I can't even remember the title — sorry, very illuminating, isn't it? — but I'll tell you it's subject. It is an intercutting of kittens playing with flowers and a French peasant of about 90 who's been working on the land since he was like 12. It's just a simple intercutting between these two things. God knows what the picture is. I mean, I remember the picture and having seen it in Liverpool when I was 16 or 17.

The force of the contrast of the imagery is that the natural world possesses the capacity for natural joy. There's a wonderful book by Peter Berger called *A Rumour of Angels* in which he points out that flowers will

naturally variegated, they will naturally produce more beautiful and more complex variations of themselves. Now we've been brought up with this and sometimes it's difficult to see it fresh. But . . . think of the cuttlefish.

Have you ever seen a cuttlefish in its natural environment? Have you ever seen what it can do? It can actually change its colour. It can actually throw elaborate stripes of brilliant colour through its body. When I think of a cuttlefish, I think initially of something you feed budgies. But in fact, cuttlefish are incredibly elaborate creatures, whose physical elegance and beauty is immensely elaborate and immensely complex and worth celebrating. This is Blake. This is "Tyger, tyger burning bright . . ."

Lionel: Is this a metaphor for imagination?

No. And yes. It needn't be. And of course it is. But be careful with it because otherwise you beat out the paradox. Because in one very real sense it's about going down to Regent's Park Zoo and seeing the tiger. In a very real sense it is about actually looking at the thing which is beautiful for its own sake. It's your cat. It's the locust I've got on my wall. It's things which are in our world and occupy the same space as us which we get too used to and we forget are quite extraordinary and beautiful to the point of weeping. And we forget that.

So the whole point, it seems to me, is that one has got all the time to say that the natural world is *relentlessly* beautiful, *relentlessly* inventive, *relentlessly* complex. And it celebrates the marginal in a way that human structure doesn't.

You know, the Third Reich is the ultimate non-celebration of the marginal. It's about trying to find, in a way which is totally unnatural, a single stream which is defined as beautiful. You know: it's blonde, it's tanned . . . Please! I scarcely forgive you that look. Will you please discipline this man?

Don: I understand what you're saying and it's a bit like streaming in schools.

They're trying to take the art out of us. They're trying to make us a certain kind of mind.

Don: Does having been born and raised in Liverpool have a lot to do with the way you are? Because everyone I know from Liverpool, and knew years ago, has done something in the arts. Whether it's music or film or whatever, there's something about that city that turns out artists.

But equally, a lot of accountants came out of Liverpool. One shouldn't get overly romantic about the place. It's difficult for me to detach myself from two things. Firstly, the fact that this is my stamping ground as a kid and secondly, that there is a myth of Liverpool.

Weaveworld is set in Liverpool, or lots of it is set in Liverpool. When I went to my publishers in America — who paid a substantial amount of money for this book — and said I want to set it in Britain, they said, "You know, we're spending a lot of money on this book . . ." I said, "Well it is set in Liverpool." And they said, "Fine. No problem. Everybody will know it."

Don: Just out of curiosity, do you remember steam trains?

Oh shit, absolutely. My brother and I used to go to Penny Lane bridge to lean over it and watch the trains go by. That was a major hobby, particularly because my brother and my father have always been great steam train aficionados.

Don: I only asked because I always think we're living in a very modern age. I mean, I grew up with hippiedom and then punk, but when I actually sit down and think about it, I do remember steam trains. So I wonder if we are the last of the sort of prehistoric generation, 'coz now they're computer whizzes at school and everything . . .

Yeah, and you see six-year-olds do Rubik Cubes. But I also think there's an extraordinary process which I have certainly been an observer of, a witness of. I mean, I was born seven years after they liberated Belsen. Seven years is not much, you know. And then watched the social change which happened within those parameters through our teens: the rise of the permissive society, a sense that somehow things were available to us that hadn't, *absolutely* hadn't been available . . .

Don: You see, the things I remember . . . We were in America, but I would come back to Liverpool to visit my grandmother for my vacations — and I would walk across bomb sites. I would go to the beach and find bullets in little stone huts . . .

I have an aunt . . . you know, one of those honorary aunts. She was a Liverpool girl who married a crofter from the Hebrides, who regrettably died a couple of years ago. One of the holiday trips we used to do was to go out to the Hebrides, which for me was and remains a major source of romance. I mean, islands so flat trees cannot stand up on them; perfect white sands . . . And amongst those perfect white sands, mines.

My uncle Hugh had a particularly kind of Gaelic sense of the macabre, which I found massively intriguing. He made no distinction that I could ever see between reality and illusion. As far as he was concerned, the island was alive with ghosts. He used to talk about being knocked off his bike as he was cycling home through the summer twilight, which lasts a long time up there, by a funeral which was *going to happen* the day after.

The thing about Hugh was that he thoroughly believed it. And once in a while something about the actual fact of the place intruded on these fabrications — what I would now look at as fabrications — one of which chilled me to the bone.

When I was about nine, we went up to the Hebrides. We used to go up in late August, and I'd have a wonderful time. There were no street lights, the nearest house was two miles away, you could see the aurora borealis (if you looked hard), you could see the Milky Way and stuff . . .

One time we all went out for a picnic, and Hugh had been very specific about where we should go. We were sitting on this hummock at the end of a beach, and while we were all sitting there eating whatever we were eating, Hugh informed us that during the First and Second World Wars when the ships went down in the Atlantic, the Gulf Stream brought the bodies around and deposited them on the beach. Of course by that time they were well past recognition. And well past Christian burial too, apparently, because the islanders used to simply pile them up on the beach and put rocks over them. And we were picnicking on one such mass grave. I did a story called *Scapegoats* which is entirely based on such a notion.

I was quite chilled by this, but Hugh took great pleasure in this kind of thing. And there was this wonderful kind of Gaelic freedom with the point at which reality stopped and something else began. And I think there comes a point where the issue of belief isn't even relevant. Isn't there a point at which you have to open yourself to the world, in all its complexity and paradox, and say, "That's the way it is." All kinds of extraordinary miracles are plausible and possible and happening. But if you try to make a system of it, they resist it.

Don: Which is what religion has done to the world of spirits, and love just being there, and having so much love for someone who has died that they're there with you all the time.

I wholly agree. And I think part of the problem may be that we try and schematise it in a way that it will not ever be schematised. In attempting to schematise it, we actually separate ourselves from the facts, from the truth of it, rather than embracing it.

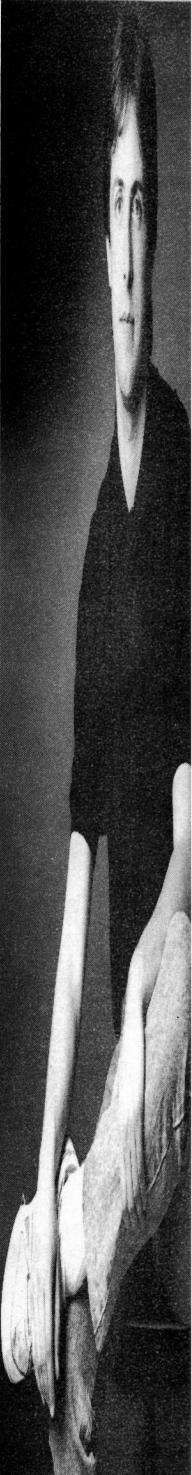
Lionel: Your philosophy, as it were, is . . .

Very loose.

Lionel: And it's also very Zen, though.

Yeah, well I think that's cool. I think it's the reverse of what the Ayatollah is up to. It's the reverse of: "This is the way it is; it can only ever be this way." It's the reverse of singularity. It's the reverse of the idea of the one god, which I think is the most pernicious notion to ever visit the planet.

I think the more so-called "sophisticated" we become, the more uneasy we become with the idea of paradox. And yet paradox is such a central fact of the lives that we live, of the people that we are. I mean, we feel



paradoxical things all the time. It's the difference between a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical and a Stephen Sondheim musical. Stephen Sondheim understands that the world's paradoxical. That you can love some body and hate somebody in the same moment. And of course that's true.

And that's why the books have got to be on the station, that's why the books have got to be at the airport. Because if you don't make people embrace the possibility of paradox, you trap them even further in a system which they were trapped in from birth. The point at which they were baptised in the name of one god — the rot begins there.

Lionel: You are now in a financial position to do whatever you want, from writing, to films, to plays, whatever. But going back to *Frankenstein in Love* and your early work in theatre, can you see yourself returning to it?

The whole thing for me is that, right from very early on, from the first time I saw *Orphée*, my hero was Jean Cocteau. Because Cocteau painted, wrote plays, wrote novels, wrote erotica, made for my money some of the great movies. I mean *Orphée*, *La belle et la bête* . . . Now going back to definition and the traps of definition, part of the problem is that we live in an increasingly specialised society in which you do one thing. In a sense I do one thing: I imagine professionally. People pay me to imagine. But the manifestations of that imagination can be, it seems to me, as various as I choose them to be. And they can run all the way from limericks, to movies, to paintings, to 700-page novels. I am expecting to be judged creatively at the end of my time by my creative sum, not by one great work.

I think we are kind of stuck on the notion of the art object. The single art object, the consummate object, the Fabergé egg, which for me is nauseating. The whole notion of this fabulous Fabergé egg stands, for me, at the opposite end of the line to *Hellraiser* being released in 1,300 cinemas across America one Friday night in September. It's the idea of just making objects as opposed to being a workman in the imagination.

I have a very practical notion of what I want to do with the arts in which I work. Having described myself in many regards as a romantic, I am very unromantic when it comes to my work. I mean, I am a worker. I am doing a certain thing. And I am answerable. If my art doesn't communicate, then I have fucked up. I am not, in that sense, a romantic. I am not about to say that my most private and personal statement is worthy of being paid for. What is important is, does it communicate? And if it doesn't communicate, then it's fucked.

Nakedness of instinct

I'VE JUST FINISHED a novel called *Cabal*, which we're about to turn into a series of movies, and in it are incredibly romantic monsters. Cabal is dead but he looks like James Dean and he's great in bed. Dead doesn't mean you can't be good in bed. I think the upwardly mobile monster is kind of nice.

Don: They may look vile, but it's always somebody perfectly normal that loves them.

I think it's not just that. I also think the vileness lies in the banalities of the lives that are called into question by the existence of monsters. Over and over again in the stories that I write, it is the status quo that is repressive and brain dead. And the monsters come in there with appetite, with a sense of their sexuality, with a kind of nakedness of instinct which is actually quite pagan. And are embraced. Metaphorically and then, in several of my stories, physically and sexually as well. And yes, my monsters do perverse things. They piss on priests and stuff like that, but . . . it happens! More than we think!

I think that rooted deeply in all our monsters are fears of appetite, of the body and physical decay and so on. I mean, I have had for a long time an anxiety dream — it's not a nightmare because I don't really have nightmares — of my teeth coming out and just dangling around outside

my mouth on their nerves. Now I think that's just . . . that's just fear of losing your teeth. I don't think there's anything particularly clever about it. I think it's just related to the fact that one doesn't want one's teeth messed around with. In other words, if I used it *en passant* in a story, it would essentially be a piece of decoration. I don't think it's fundamental.

Lionel: What do you think about *Moby Dick*?

Well, *Moby Dick* is a great novel as far as I'm concerned. I think it was Melville who described it as his "homemade bedspread of a novel". What's great about the book is that it's a work which takes incredible risks and moves all the way from puns on sperm whales through to the life history of the whale. A wonderful chapter called *The Whiteness of the Whale* — who couldn't just love that?

I think the extraordinary thing that I was taught by Melville was the fact that a book could occupy — that a fiction could occupy — metaphorical and realistic states simultaneously.

Lionel: What about comics?

I will offer up the observation comicbook-wise that I am going to do a bunch of comics with Marvel. Archie Goodwin, in fact, has asked to do the *Hellraiser* comic book. I said it would be more fun if we could just take the ideas off in totally new directions. We're trying to get that sorted out at the moment. And Eclipse is doing adaptations of a number of the *Books of Blood* stories. But the Marvel involvement would be fresh stuff. I'll have some kind of editorial commitment, which will mean that I'll sort of watch over the places the stuff goes. Horror in comics has taken a turn for the complex in a way which I love.

Lionel: It's interesting that in the last years of the Nixon presidency there was a marked resurgence of horror in comics. Can a parallel be drawn with a similar resurgence in the last years of the Reagan presidency?

I'm always being asked about the revival of horror, the resurgence of horror. I think we've got to be very careful with this, because the bottom line is that horror never didn't exist. And I think that if you try and tie too closely the existence of horror fiction in any form — comic strip or movies or whatever — to a particular social event or political circumstance, there is a real danger that you simplify in a way which takes out the paradox and the ambiguity. The fact is that people have been writing horror fiction and reading horror fiction and seeing horror fiction for a long time. I mean, *Titus Andronicus* was written at the very beginning of Shakespeare's career.

Lionel: Let's turn to the differences between horror and suspense. Take someone like Hitchcock, who will never show graphic horror in the way that you do.

But then, I suspect that if Hitchcock were making movies 28 years after *Psycho*, given what he did in 1960 . . . We have knife-points hitting flesh, we have copious blood running down a naked girl's legs and down the plughole. Remember, the reviews when *Psycho* came out were appalled. They said it was graphic, that it pandered to the worst instincts. And as his career went on, the imagery became stronger. The sexual attacks in *Frenzy* are very graphic. There's a lot of nasty stuff in *The Birds* . . . People with their eyes pecked out . . . blyeech!

But taking up the general point of suspense versus revelation, this is a whole different conversation, and one which we can only touch on lightly. But it seems to me that there is a whole metaphysical behind the revelatory form or approach. I would point to Cronenberg as one of the key people in that. I would have to include myself; certainly Alan Moore in the *Swamp Thing* stuff. Part of the point is that it *isn't* suspenseful. Part of the point is that I've learned as much from Robert Mapplethorpe as I have from Hitchcock.

I always know when I've got an interviewer on my hands that I'm never really going to have a good time with when they say, "I only like horror movies like *The*

Haunting." To which I think, "Yeah, well you only like horror movies in which nothing happens." Or they say, "I preferred the first version of *The Thing* to the second version." Now as far as I'm concerned, if you've got a movie called *The Thing*, then show me the fucking thing. Show me it in great detail. I want to be shown stuff.

There are certain mysteries, there are certain forbidden images and ideas which are called into question by certain kinds of art forms. Erotica calls into question the specialness or the sacredness or the forbiddenness of our genitals. Some of the great erotic art for my money is produced by the Japanese. In Tokyo I thought I would be able to pick up books of *shunga* which I hitherto hadn't got. Only to discover that, in Japan now, images of genitals — even if they're reproduced graphically — are wholly forbidden. I have copies of books of *shunga* which I brought back from Tokyo in which all the genital detail is sprayed out. This is like covering the nipples of a Boucher painting, or a Fragonard painting. This is like saying that a whole area of great art from your past is *verboten*. This is like trying to knock the willies off an Epstein statue. It's like Mrs Grundy at her worst.

I feel that the kind of horror fiction I write is primarily interested in tearing away the veil. Confrontation with the image, seen clearly. I'm trying to see what the wound means. And the only way of seeing what the wound means is to look at the wound.

Don: Do you feel the same way about pornography?

Of course. Absolutely. We're using two terms that in certain circumstances would be looked at as pejoratives: horror and pornography. There is the fiction of the dark imagination — horror. There is the fiction of the erotic — pornography. We can play around with the terms, and some of those terms are going to be more socially acceptable than the raw terms that we are using — horror and pornography.

In different circumstances or with a different emphasis on this conversation, we might want to debate what we saw as those points. There are areas of pornography which I find morally wholly unacceptable; exploitation of children would be a key one. And I have to say that the exposure of children to horrific images of horror entertainment I also find morally unacceptable. Simply because I don't think that children have a way to contextualise that imagery and I don't think you should expose children to imagery that they can't contextualise. Which probably means you shouldn't show them crucifixions either. It's interesting that the people who would show the children the crucifixion would keep them from *The Evil Dead*. A paradox which needs to be examined real closely.

Don: There's the old adage from *The Rocky Horror Show*, "don't dream it, be it". Can you actually be it or is dreaming it better?

I'm having a good time being it. There's a wonderful line at the end of Pasolini's *Decameron* — I'm a great fan of Pasolini — in which he steps back from a fresco and basically says that, as the artist, it would have been better to have dreamt it. And I suppose in a sense things are always more perfect in dreams. But for me, the real excitement doesn't actually lie in the making of it. The whole excitement lies in the communication once you've made it. There is great satisfaction in building a ship, but I want to see it float.

Lionel: It's great writing a novel, but unless people read it...

And are touched by it and moved by it. Moved to tears, moved to be angered, and moved to be changed, moved to be aroused. And the erotic instinct is wholly acceptable, the desire to scare and confront people with images which some might call disgusting or horrific is wholly acceptable.

It becomes more acceptable, it seems to me, if you can excite the imagination at the same moment. Excite people to a new knowledge of themselves. So in the act of dreaming, I am being. And that is the point at which the metaphor hits life. The moment at which metaphor hits

life is my happiest moment. The moment at which, in the arms of the beloved you realise that some perfect image of unity is created — it's momentary and then it's gone.

In the act of art, in a sense, you're trying for that same act of communication, that same act of unity. But it's a unity of minds rather than bodies. It's not poles and holes, it's minds hitting minds. The thing is that one assumes that one's taste for poles and holes is going to gradually run out of steam if not juices. But I assume that my passion for ideas is going to gather further steam, and that possibility becomes terribly exciting. That at the age of 90, I can still be involved in the imaginative or artistic process. And touching people with my imagination as I am in turn touched by other people.

Don: Does each project make you want to do a more perfect project?

No. There is no perfect project.

Don: I wondered if you would die at 90 dissatisfied because you hadn't done the next thing.

Of course. I hope to die reaching for the pen. It's a very romantic image but it's also a very practical image. It's about the business of doing. It's about the business of actually celebrating the act of doing. Beckett, who is not a great hero of mine, did say when accused of rampant pessimism in his work, "The fact that I write is optimistic." In a sense that is absolutely true. One hopes to communicate and, in communicating, improve the business of communicating.

Lionel: This is where the censorship argument falls flat, because creation is by definition a positive act.

Of course, but we go back to Plato and the poets. The whole point is that if you think of society as something which in its ideal form would be rigorous and repetitive and structured, and in which everything was finally predictable, then clearly the person who throws the creative spanner into the works becomes somebody to be silenced. Because by the measure of this ideal society, he or she is in there stirring up shit. Now I suspect, therefore, that a lot of other things fall into that same category.

I am reminded of an Anita Bryant joke. Actually, this is not a joke, this is Anita Bryant being asked would she keep Socrates and Plato from the children of America. And she said, "No. Why? They are great philosophers." Then the interviewer said, "But they were both gay." And she said, "They weren't, were they?" Which I rather like.

The fact is that, at the same time as saying that in the ideal society you would kick the poets out, Plato was homosexual and therefore breaking one of the social structures which would actually help to keep this ideal society on the straight and narrow. Sex, fear, anxiety, the fact of ageing, our hopes for heaven, our fears for hell are always going to keep us in a state of flux. And however much Margaret Thatcher or Adolf or the Ayatollah were to attempt to structure the society, there are always going to be urges and curiosities and anxieties, all of which will throw the thing off kilter. And it's never going to be other. They've lost. They've lost because they're trying to organise a system which is human.

Lionel: It's against Newton, innit?

It's against Newton; it's against the most sophisticated modern physics. The fact is the more sophisticated our physics become, the more we realise there are ambiguities built into the natural system from the cellular, from the *atomic* on up. And the more you investigate life on an atomic level, the more you realise that notions like charm — I love that word — become relevant. The whole idea that the system is changed by the act of observing it is an incredibly elaborate and subtle idea.

They've lost. This is the thing that one has got to take comfort in all the time. That they've lost because we have dicks and juices. They've lost because we have urges and forbidden feelings in us which they can never legislate against. They may try, but they will fail.

Don: What a piece of work is man.

And woman!



FASHION

APRIL OF THIS year saw the 50th anniversary of one of man's greatest creations — the Y-front. Fifty years from now, though, we may well be celebrating the anniversary of the WHY-front.

Geoff Slack has designs on men's underwear. His creations are as daring as can be imagined — "more men's lingerie than anything else," says Geoff.

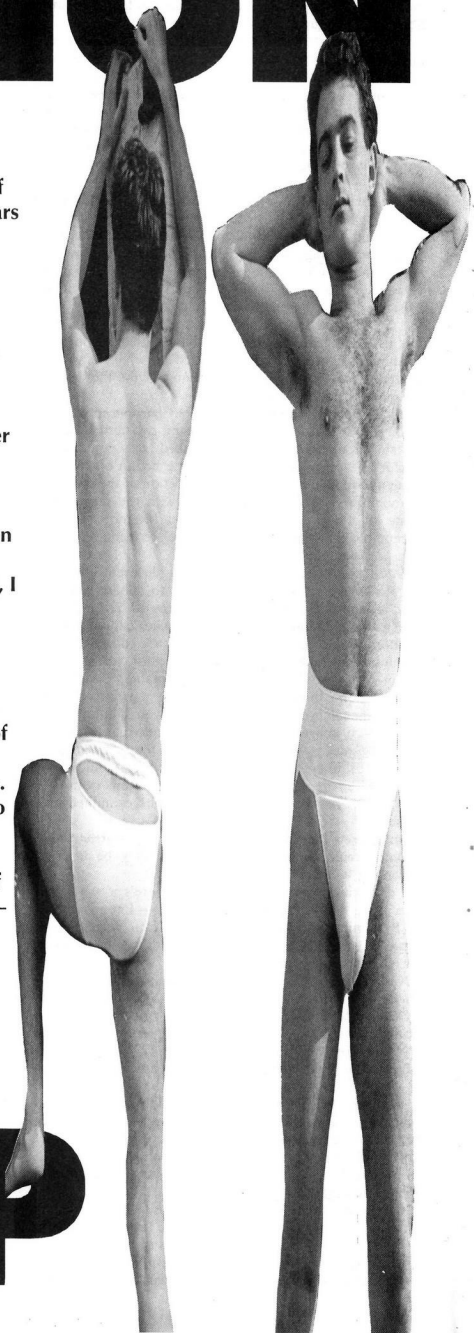
"Women have very sensuous undergarments," Geoff notes. "Silks and satins give them an air of opulence. Now it's time to give the men something." And that something means more than just a silk pair of naff boxer shorts, as Geoff's new collection contains some of the sexiest and most . . . revealing men's underwear ever created.

"I wanted to appeal to the more discerning male. Men are becoming more sexual and are being *seen* as sex objects. A man who contemplates his outerwear would, I hope, also consider his underwear.

"The underwear I've designed comes under four headings: all-in-ones, forties, sporty, and 'Why.'" The latter are exceptionally stylish as they are emblazoned with the word WHY in bold lettering.

But all of Geoff's garments are exciting, with a pair of undies available for every occasion, from the morning after to the night before, from the disco to the poolside. As for comics characters, Geoff tells us he would like to get Cruella de Vil or Billy from the infamous *Poppers* strip into his pants.

While he waits for those unlikely commissions, Geoff can also create individual garments made to measure — the ultimate (or *intimate*) in luxury. Geoff Slack can be contacted on ☎ (01) 743 7713.



STRIP

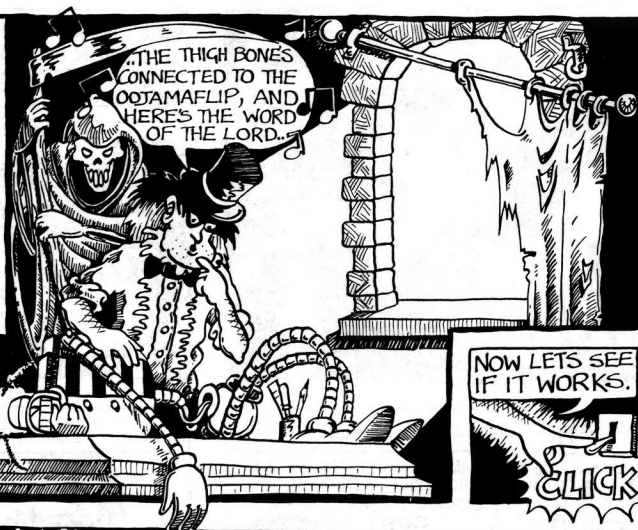
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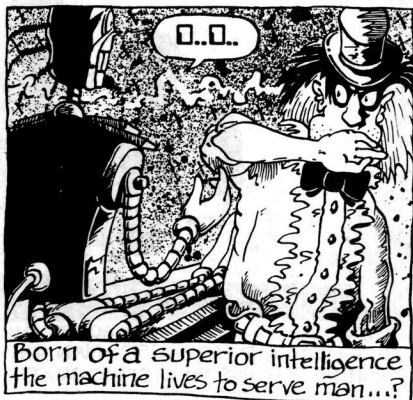
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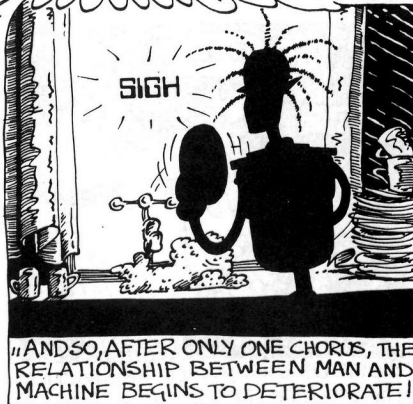
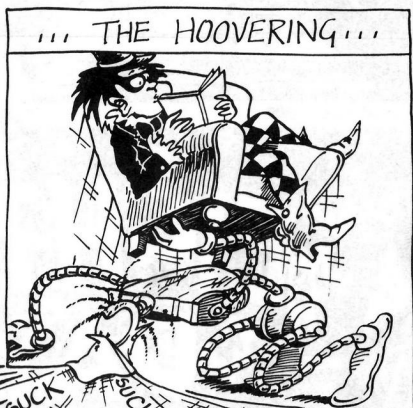
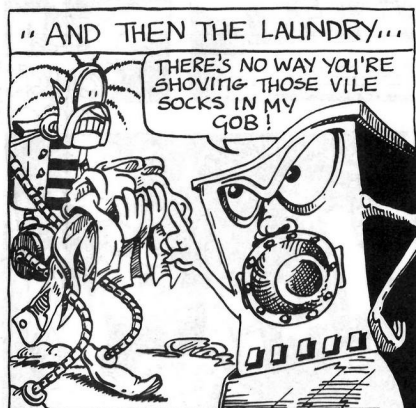
Solve all your
household chores

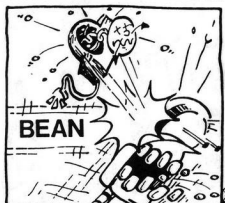
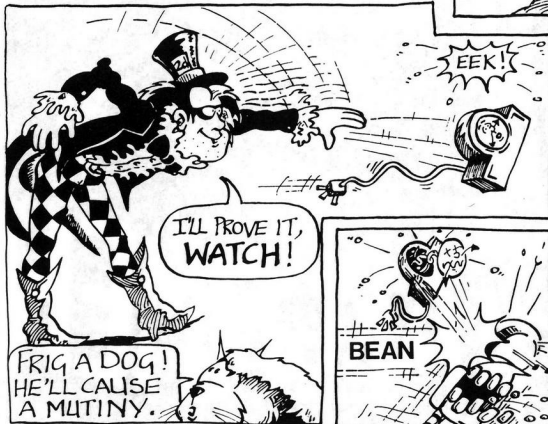
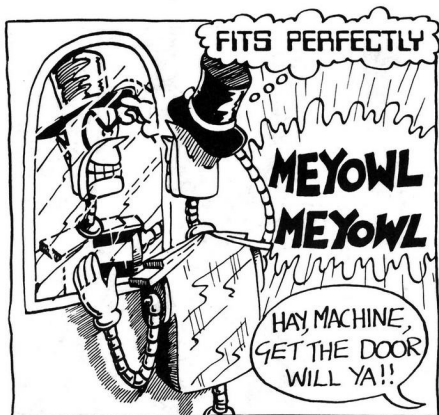
(Won't cost you
an arm... or a rib)



Jackie Smith: 1988

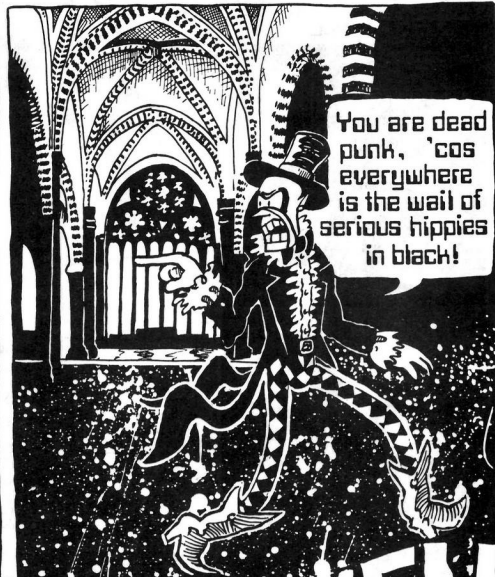








COOL's up, it's raining sulphuric acid, there's a hole in the ozone layer big enough to put America through, and your nuclear fission has dodgy emissions, so we machines are taking over, oh!



AMEN ARMEN ARGH MEN

END

I



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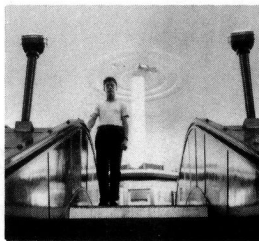
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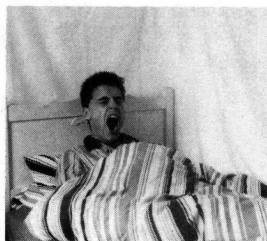
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There ain't nobody in this town



There ain't nothing that's
gonna bring me down



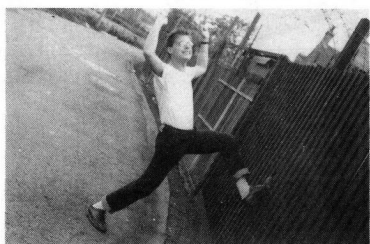
'Cos when I woke up this morning
And I took me my first breath



I can taste your cigars
It makes me cough myself to death



There ain't no sense in
hanging around



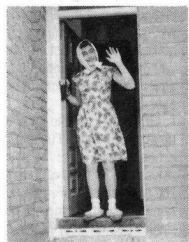
There ain't no fence I can't knock down



'Cos when I woke up this morning
And I see my first sight



All I see is chaos
And an everlasting night



I have to think about
the way it was at home

My mama used to say to me, 'Child when you're alone, there are two things to remember when the going gets rough. Say them to yourself and to anyone who tries to get tough ...

*'There ain't nobody more precious than your body
There ain't nothing more precious than your thing'*

THE WORKS



Big art

ALEXANDER JOHNSON, born in Chichester in 1963, is one of a new breed of young British painters. His paintings, mainly large works, are bold, brash and free. But the freedom expressed in his works is under threat as Section 28 becomes law.

"I'm extremely proud to be a gay artist," says Alex. "And I am a gay artist before I am an artist. It's an important distinction that I like to make. I haven't got any time for people who say, 'Just because I am a gay man or woman doesn't make me a gay artist.' Once you have established you're gay you need never mention it again, but you have to respect it. It affects everything you do because it comes from a gay consciousness.

"It was during the punk thing that I was encouraged to take up art. I thought, 'Fucking hell, I can go to art school.' A lot of school was used as therapy — coming out and getting over repression. You have to get self-obsessed for a while but in the last two years I have started to paint outside myself. It's a matter of first finding out your history and finding yourself."

Alex has recently had live painting performances at London's DV8 club and at the Clause and Effect bash at the Rio Dalston. He hopes to repeat these performances on a regular basis and keep on painting under the AARGH! banner.



1/2-portrait of the artist

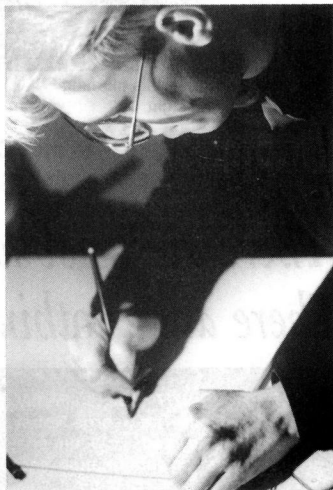
Shoot to thrill

PHOTOGRAPHER MATTHEW Torenson has never been one to shy away from controversy. Nor does he like to take advice, especially when this "advice" involves telling him what he should or should not include in his shows. He politely ignored advice not to show male nudes in Derrnate, and has since been offered a second show.

Matthew is in the process of putting together another controversial show: Portraits of Lesbians and Gays in the Arts and Media. This impressive portfolio of portraits already includes, among others, Gore Vidal, Tom Robinson, Jane Rule, Chris Smith MP and our very own GROC.

Matthew is completely self-taught. Much of his work has a dark, brooding presence. The props in his studies of male nudes included hoods, wires, and hypodermic syringes, with the curves of the bodies lit by a stark white light. Yet at the same time, he also produces work which conveys an idyllic, natural bliss.

Matthew's work has appeared in various magazines, including *Blitz*. He is currently looking for exhibition space in London and snapping away at anything that moves.



GROC in an uncharacteristic pose... hard at work!

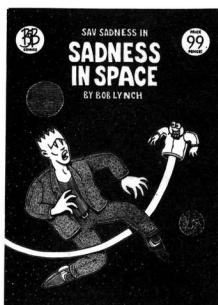


Hot issue

SO WHAT DO you do when you outgrow *Viz*? You go on to *Issue 2*, that's what. Crazy Melvin, Luscious Marie's Mammaries and Synthia, Rubber Agent of the Time Police are just some of the strange strips to be found between its covers.

Hailing from Chester, *Issue 2* is more than just strips — number 3 has a pull-out Marxofile, featuring all you ever needed to know about Zeppo, Gummo, Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Sam and Minnie.

Issue 2 (A4, 40pp) is available from Facelit Comics, Wax House, 39 Watling Crescent, Handbridge, Chester CH4 7HD, for £1.30 (includes p&p).



Spaced out

BOB LYNCH describes his first tentative steps towards fame and fortune in his own inimitably surreal fashion: "Born on July the 12th, 1958 in the eastern corner of London, it took me 16 years to achieve my first burst of fame. Drawn on two adding-machine rolls joined together, my hundred-foot long cartoon of a marathon race appeared on *Blue Peter*. Then I vanished from the public eye.

"I passed through a commercial art course and some low-paid jobs, produced zany cartoons — some of which appeared in *New*

Musical Express — and languished in a state of anonymity."

Inspired by the "New Wave" comics explosion of 1983, Bob produced his own comic, *Sav Sadness in The Whirlpool of Disaster*. He has since gone on to work for *Escape*, *Fast Fiction*, *Burn Comic*, *Strip Ads*, *Heartbreak Hotel*, *Fox Comics* and *Sinister Romance*. And he's brought out his second comic, *Sadness in Space*.

"So now I'm slightly more famous, but not much richer," says Bob. "But at least I'm doing something that has a meaning. People tell me that they like my work and ask for my autograph. Life's almost worth living."

Sadness in Space (A4, 28pp) is available from Bob Comics, 57 Queens Crescent, London NW5 for £1.25 (includes p&p).

Love to love you Lovecraft

Turgid

A COUPLE OF weeks ago we got a letter from a chap called Steve Birtles. It included some stick cartoons of a "minimalist cartoon character" called Stick. It also contained some perplexing references to turgidity. Having misplaced the letter, one is unsure of the original wording. Nevertheless, Don promptly sent a salacious letter back to Steve. And lo and behold, what should turn up in the letter box a few weeks later but a whole load of Stick cartoons.

Steve has actually been involved in comics for some time, having edited a fanzine called *Hoolligan Heart*, which appears, as Steve puts it, "infrequently — the last one was in 1986". He also sent us the cover of what looks to be a wonderful adventure: *Proxy Atkinson and the Case of the Regal Hotspot*, a short story concerning a misplaced portion of Princess Diana's anatomy. As we are now being distributed by W.H. Smith, family values prevent us from mentioning what exactly this portion of her anatomy is...

But enough of this salacious innuendo, heeere's Stick!



photo by Deborah Judd N.E.O.

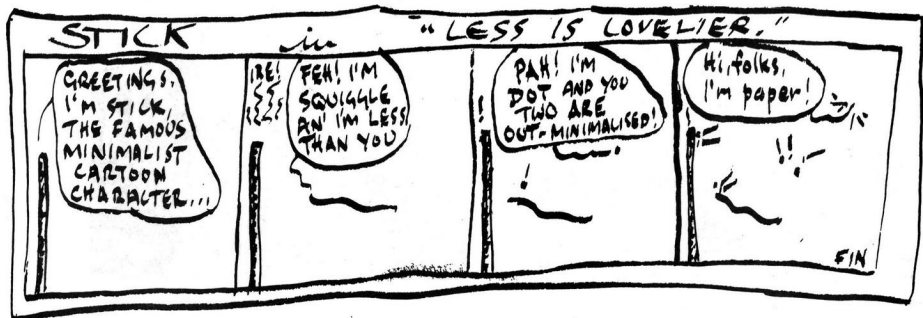
JOHN COULTHART, 26, hails from Manchester and has no formal art training beyond a year of Art A-level. "My main influences have been the work of illustrator Gustav Doré, Bryan Talbot and lots of old movies," says John.

He is presently engaged in the production of a book of comic strip adaptations and illustrations covering H.P. Lovecraft's *Cthulhu Mythos* stories.

"This will contain three long strips — *The Haunter in the Dark*, *The Call of Cthulhu*, and *The Dunwich Horror*. The first two strips are complete and I've begun working on the third, which should keep me busy with the rest of the material for the rest of the year.

"At present, the whole thing is provisionally entitled *Arkham Tales*. I hope to complete it all before I go mad or Yog-Sothoth comes to get me. Big publishing deals are welcome!"

In August, Caermaan Books will be printing *The Haunter in the Dark* as an A3 limited edition. Price details are still uncertain, but enquiries should be sent to Caermaan Books, 50 St John Street, Oxford OX1 2LQ.



Portfolio

Steve Berridge



Twenty-seven-year old Steve Berridge has been drawing all his life. His early influences were US comics, and his first published work appeared in *Brainstorm* when he was all of 17. He describes himself as a "school refusenik" and says he gave up working in comics because of a lack of interest in the medium from British publishers. He is eager to have a go at developing a comic, though, and is looking for a script-writer. In the meanwhile, Steve is working as an illustrator. His work has appeared in *The Truth*, *City Limits*, and *Money Marketing*. Steve can be contacted on ☎ (01) 761 0453.



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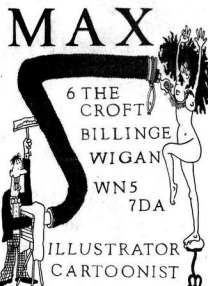
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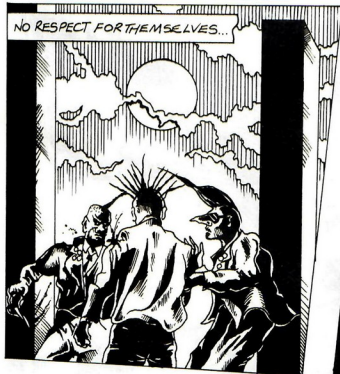
State of the art Art of the State



AS THE END of the Eighties draws to an end, the role of the visual arts is in a state of paradox. Never has there been such a profusion of visual communication in the media, and never has its content been more superficial and establishment/consumer-oriented. ■ Its sum total seems to amount to one continuous television advert — the marriage of style and avarice. In many ways, “the society of the spectacle” outlined by the situationists in the late Sixties has come of age. The media and television in particular have reduced politics, royalty, religion, crime and culture to the level of one continuous soap opera. They all share the same sordid media bed. ■ The push for change and liberation in America and Europe in the Sixties has been nullified and superceded by a right-wing revolution. The revolution which the youth of the left in the late Sixties and early Seventies thought was their preserve was subverted by the right. Greed and materialism are the new gods, while compassion and the spirit are scorned. ■ In many respects much of the progress made up until the Eighties, especially in Britain, has been systematically curtailed both in politics and culture and replaced with right-wing legislation and philosophy. This has resulted in the means of communication, information and propaganda being in the hands of a select few. The power elites become more powerful while the powerless are less able to change their lives for the better, unless they accept wholesale the new doctrine of consumerism. It is high time the new communication technology is liberated. ■ One manifestation of the late Eighties is its refusal to accept its own real time. There is an unreal and unhealthy obsession with the past and nostalgia. The ‘40s, ‘50s, ‘60s and ‘70s pop up every day. ■ Today’s teenager is an insincere mixture of all the past teen cultures: all style and no content, pinned together like an ad-man’s dream. Surely a new teenage identity will emerge soon which is created by teenagers themselves, for themselves. This will reject consumption and Americanisation and will move forward and progress “teenage” — not staying stagnated and contained by establishment adults’ ideas of “teenage”. ■ All these manifestations are reflected in the role of the visual arts in the last decades of the 20th century. They reflect the new conservative materialism — the rape and negation of the imagination. ■ **STYLE SUCKS** ■ The only values and standards are those of material success, *Top of the Pops* and media value. Visual form is created by the manufacturer and the distributor (the companies), not by the artists, performers or consumers. ■ The gimmick proliferates; the superficial and the glib titivate the establishment media. Censorship prevails because there is no mass outlet for any alternative ideas; only those which are accepted as the propaganda of the status quo appear. ■ There has been great advancement in the visual possibilities of communication through new technology, but most lack substance or integrity and are used to push product and manipulate minds; producing passivity and superficial satisfaction, and negating the possibility of people thinking for themselves and controlling their own lives. ■ It almost seems that the only way to survive is to be submissive or to join in the spectacle. The “haves” have never had it so good — the “have nots” have never been more had. ■ The role of the arts is to liberate the spirit and the imagination; to create a new counter-culture. We have instead become enslaved by fear: fear of cancer, AIDS, the bomb, isolation, failure, poverty. ■ It is time to be brave and kindle the fires of hope for the 21st century. □ JAMIE REID

Sounds of Silence

Paul Tucker









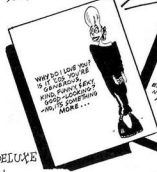
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SPACE is at a premium here, so we'll get right into it. First of all, from Stylus records, we have two groovy LPs (groovy?) — *Back On The Road*, which features 32 tracks of the very best of progressive underground; and *Sixties Mix Two*, 60 sensationally sequenced hits of the 60s, with every track a Top Ten hit. For those of you who have gone digital, we also have two CDs of *Sixties Mix Two*. The question to answer is: Who were the Sex Pistols being interviewed by when they turned the air blue? (Please note that these are actually four separate prizes, although it's the same question to win any one of them. Please specify which record or CD you want.)

Next, from CBS/Fox, we've got *Batman: The Movie* on video. This has been a massive hit nationwide, and is on sale for £9.99 but it can be yours free if you answer the staggeringly difficult question: who played Batman and Robin in the Batman TV series?

Finally, another goody from Forbidden Planet (the comics shop, this time). Yes, it's the *Watchmen* watch. Worth £19.50, a *Watchmen* watch can be yours if you correctly answer the following: "Who watches the Watchmen" was the catchphrase of *Watchmen*. What is the source of this quote?

Deadline for all of the above competitions is August 1. Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to *Heartbreak Hotel*, 29 Belsize Park, London NW3 4DX. You can enter as many competitions as you like, but each entry must be sent separately. The first entry drawn for each competition wins the relevant prize. Go for it!



Competitions



WINNERS of last issue's competitions and giveaways are as follows: **Joker T-shirts** went to Belinda Sharp, Chris Jones, Dan Miller, B. Marsh, and T. Powley. **Luther Arkwright T-shirts** went to Paul Birch, Garen Ewing, Glyn Lewis, Donald Thompson and, all the way from America, the very-strangely named Frisbee. **The Captain Star Survival Kit** went to David E. Wiggins, who sent us a very nice drawing of Limbs Jones with all nine heads in place and a very nice thank-you letter to boot. A consolation prize of two sets of Captain Star postcards went to Vicky Barlow. And the **Hip Hop and Rapping on the House LP** went to William Potter.



BACK in time now for the winners of our second issue's competitions, and a chance for us to share some of the best news we've had in months — Bob Boze. Bell is hard at work on a 64-page Honkytonk Sue graphic novel. A sneak peak at the new-look Honkytonk Sue is shown here. As for the winner of the silly song competition, it was Merv Grist, who sent us a delightful ditty called *I Mortgaged a Life (To Pay For My Pain)*. We would have printed it in its entirety but space is a bit tight. A couple of choice lines include: "April was making popcorn and I was hanging out the bunting/When baby Jean met her death through some irresponsible shunting"; "The train that hit him was sure travelling with bravado/Cos his tail was still in Texas but his head in Colorado" (that's in reference to the dog, not baby Jean). And the clincher: "A train has got me crying the Chattanooga boo-hoo". Great stuff Merv — a place in the Honkytonk Hall of Fame awaits you! Finally, the Sony Walkman went to Sam Morgan in Wales. Congratulations to all our winners!

SECOND CITY LIFE



I KNOW THIS is the punk issue but I feel compelled to mention flares — as in enormous trousers, not emergency distress signals.

Punk music and style — The Clash, bondage trousers, ANARCHY!! — were a reaction to the bland offerings of the early Seventies, yet Britain seems to be reverting to life B.P. (Before Punk).

There is already evidence of this in London, I'm told, and now the dreaded Seventies revival appears to be spreading North. Only last week a victim was spotted in a supposedly hip Birmingham club wearing flares and platform boots. Kipper ties and tank tops will take some getting used to after the monochrome uniformity of 501s, DMs, etc.

Recalling what we used to wear B.P. is a favourite pub game. Even the coolest person has been known to get blushing sentimental while telling stories of purple "skinny rib" polo-necks and "feather-cut" hair. Such items were killed off almost overnight by the influence of punk in '76, and anyone who continued to wear flares was a social outcast. Until now.

Just when you thought it was safe to go back down the high street, Britain will soon be exploding again in a riot of orange and turquoise. There is a happy side to this: all those soccer players who have been considered hopelessly unfashionable for years will suddenly be hailed as arbiters of style.

Sadly, I have been unable to find a photograph of myself wearing my purple flares and toning mauve shirt (complete with massive collar, naturally), although I did come across a snapshot circa 1980 in which I look like a Human League backing singer. This has now been destroyed.

The 16-year-olds of 1988 care very little about punk and seem content with the tame sounds of Stock Aitken Waterman protégés *ad nauseam*. They are apparently more interested in getting a mortgage than producing a counterculture. Punk inspired innovation in design, journalism and art as well as music, but now it's like 1976 never happened.

However, there is hope. I've figured out that if we're having a Seventies revival then the logical next step is — yes, you guessed — a punk revival. So I'm off to have a Mohican and stock up on safety pins.

BY NOW, IF all goes as scheduled and there are no plane crashes between San Francisco and Hong Kong, *STRIP AIDS USA* will be out. So I don't have to tell everyone what a great book it is — you'll be able to judge that for yourselves. And I don't have to write about the humongous number of extremely talented, caring artists who contributed some of the best work I've ever seen, because their names are listed in the book, and their work fills the pages.

Sooo, let me tell you some of the more interesting things I discovered while putting the book together, such as one of the few solicited pages that we had to reject. This page, by one of the major names in comics (though he must remain nameless here), consisted of a man's face and a page of hurriedly lettered copy that was a rambling, paranoid argument in favour of tattooing people with AIDS!

During the early stages of the book, after the word had got out that we were looking for contributors, I received two fascinating phone calls from two different women, one of whom worked for Marvel, the other for DC. Both told me that they had tried to interest their respective companies in doing an AIDS comic, and both told me that said companies had jerked them around for a year before telling them that the subject was too controversial, and no way would they tackle it.

Of course, I'm grateful that the two major companies *didn't* do that book. After seeing how their superheroes conquered such problems as hunger and apartheid, I can just imagine what they would do for AIDS.

Can't you just envision a committee of editors and writers meeting over this one? "First," they'd say, "we gotta give some character AIDS. Okay, who do we kill off? Somebody who doesn't have his own book, who doesn't matter that much. How about the Human Torch, Johnny Storm?"

"But how did he *get* AIDS? Surely he isn't g-g-, you know, the 'G' word. Well, what if he's Haitian? Turns out he isn't *really* Sue's brother, he was really adopted, and he bleaches his hair." (Imaginary headlines: JOHNNY STORM FOUND TO BE HAITIAN! "I never told him," says adopted sis.)

"But what of the disease itself?" asks this imaginary committee. "We



TRINA ROBBINS HITS THE MARK

can't say that it's transmitted by (gasp!) sex, or (yuck) IV drug use! What if it's brought to Earth by bad guy aliens like, say, the Krull." (More headlines: AIDS CAUSED BY KRULL, SCIENTISTS DISCOVER!)

You get the picture?

By the way, as you will discover from looking into *STRIP AIDS USA*, we did receive some of our best pages from cartoonists who work for Marvel and DC. Corporate thinking in no way mirrors individual contributions.

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bORN aGAIN PUNK

by Grant Morrison

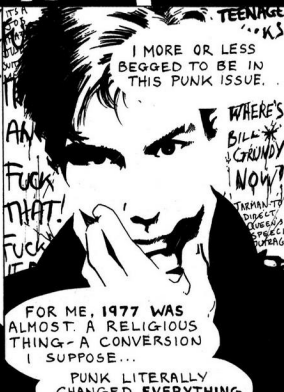


THIS IS ME IN LONDON. 1978. LONG HAIR, DINNERPLATE 'PRISONER' BADGE, GHASTLY VELVET JACKET.

AND YEAH, I'M WEARING FLARES.

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE JUST A 'PART TIME PUNK', LIKE IN THE TVP'S SONG.

HONESTLY, IT SEEMED TO MAKE SENSE AT THE TIME.



FOR ME, 1977 WAS ALMOST A RELIGIOUS THING- A CONVERSION I SUPPOSE...

PUNK LITERALLY CHANGED EVERYTHING.



PUNK CHANGED EVERYTHING BUT MY TROUSERS.



SOME PART OF ME WAS OUT THERE ENJOYING IT MYSELF.

THE THING ABOUT PUNK THOUGH, WAS..



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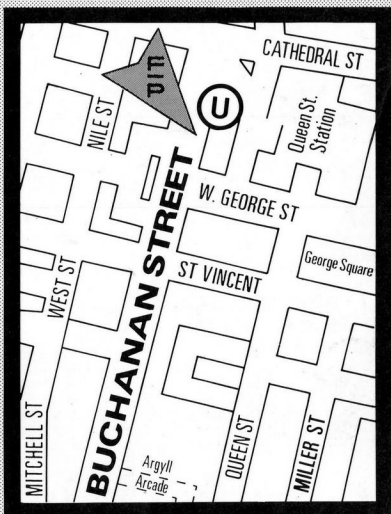
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